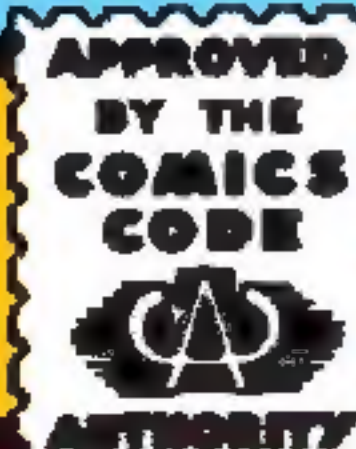


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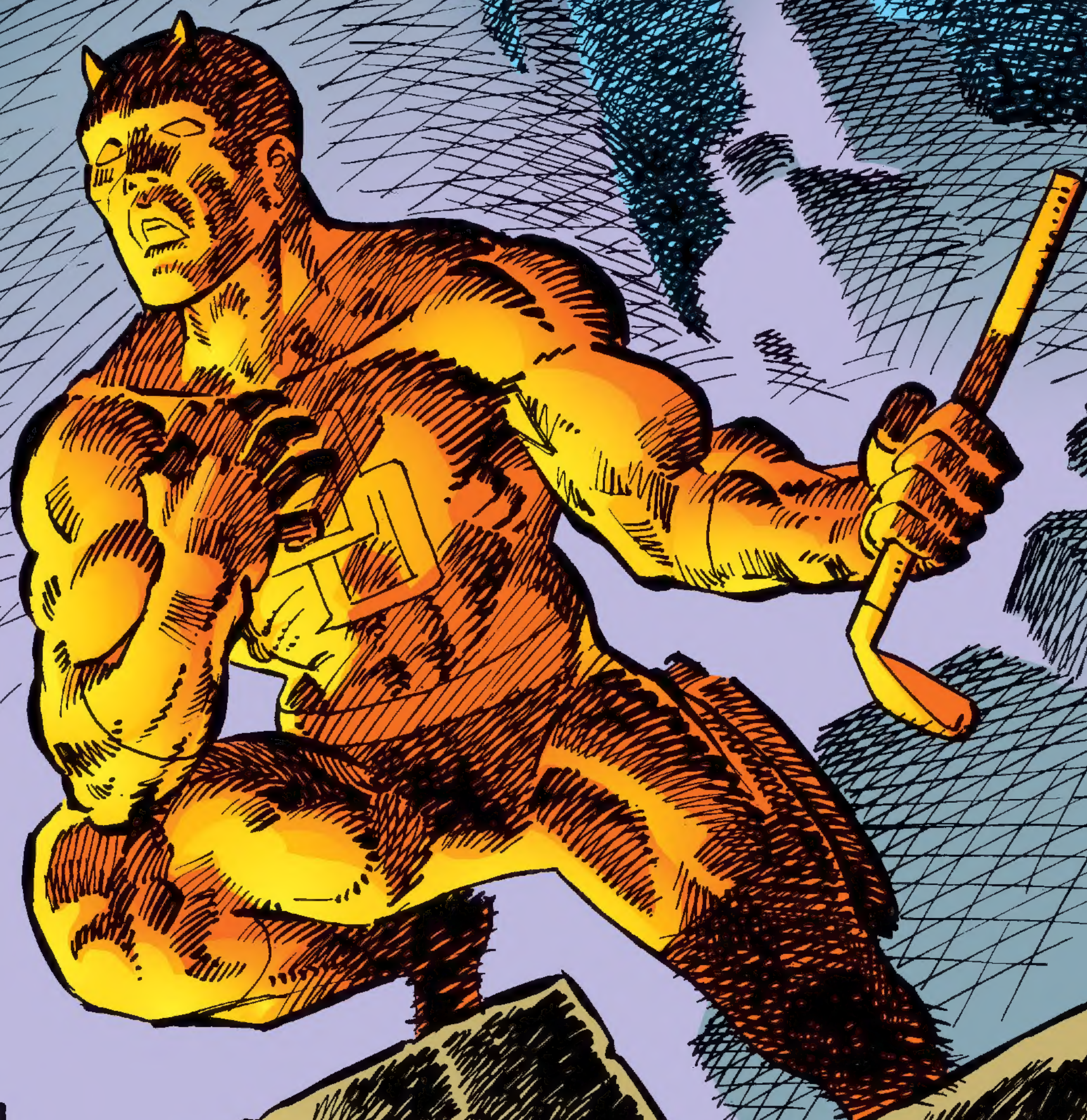
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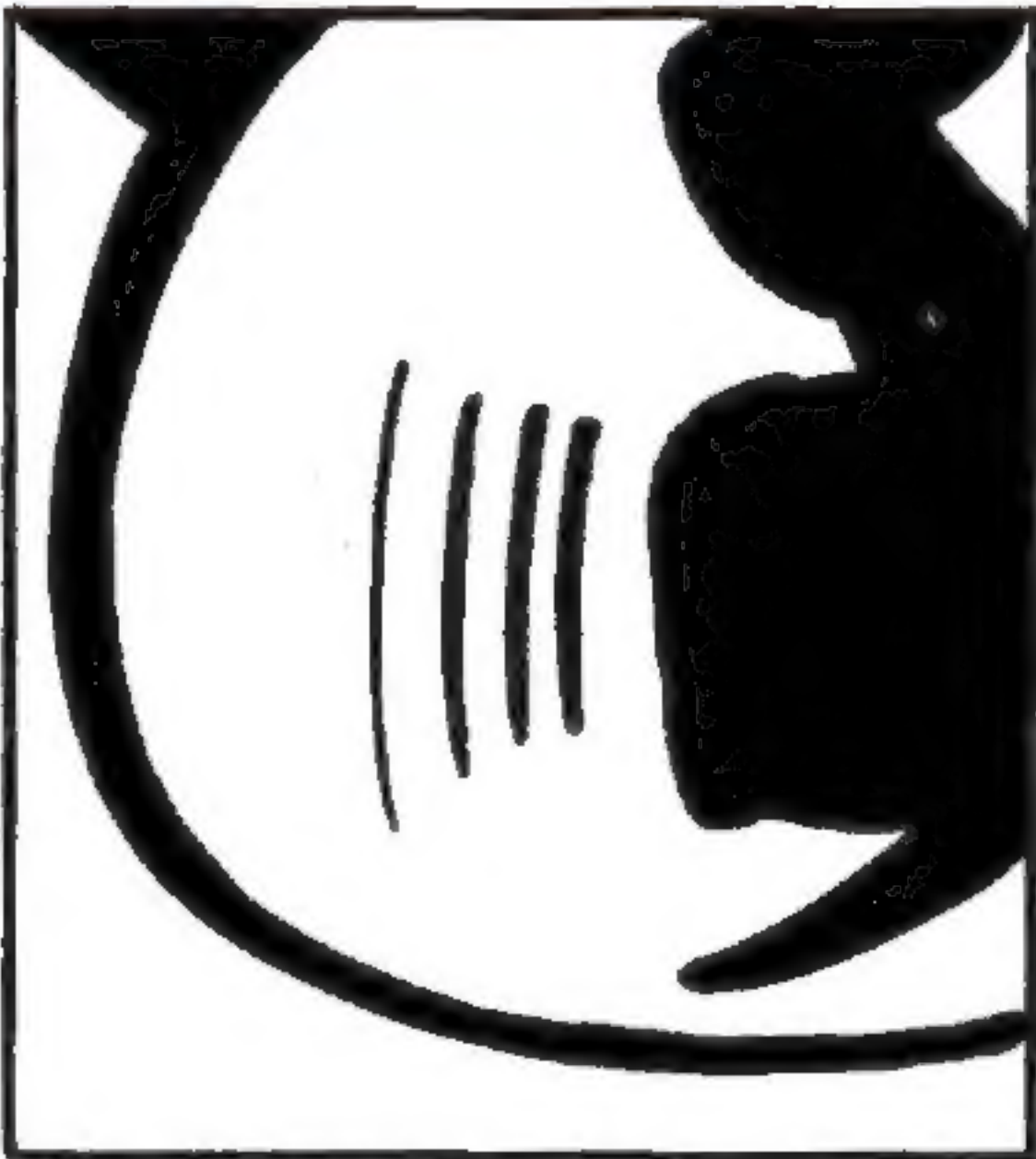
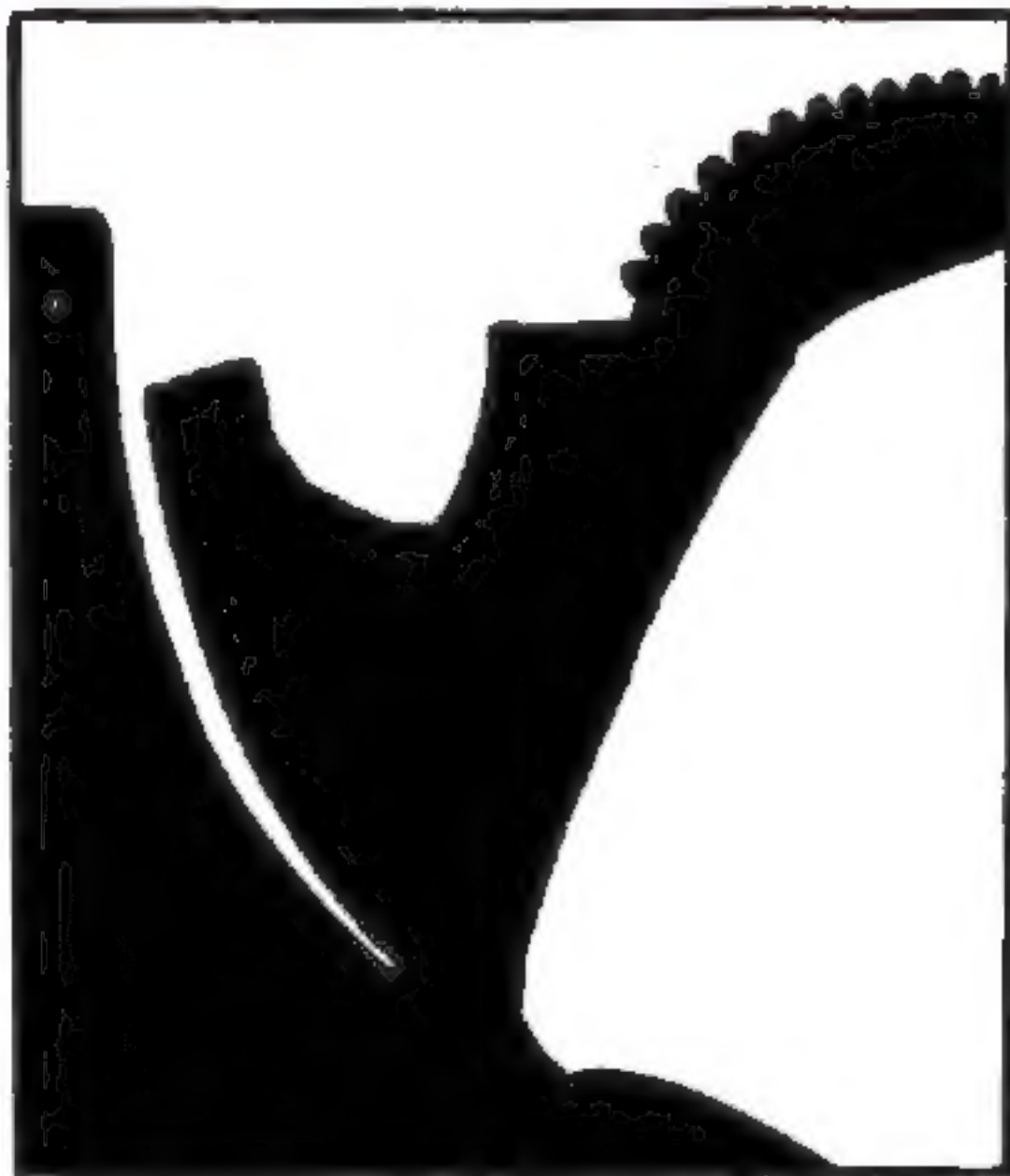
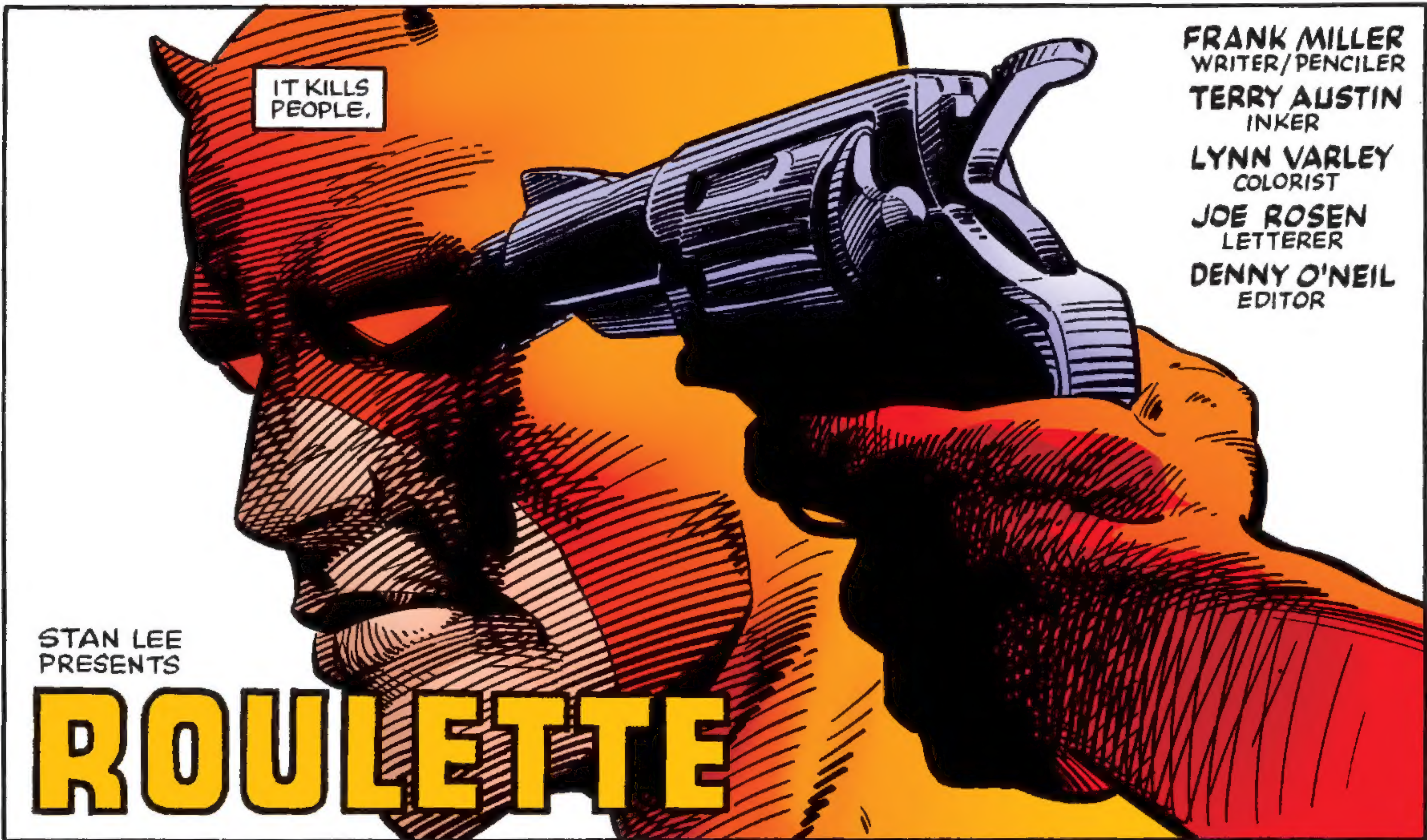
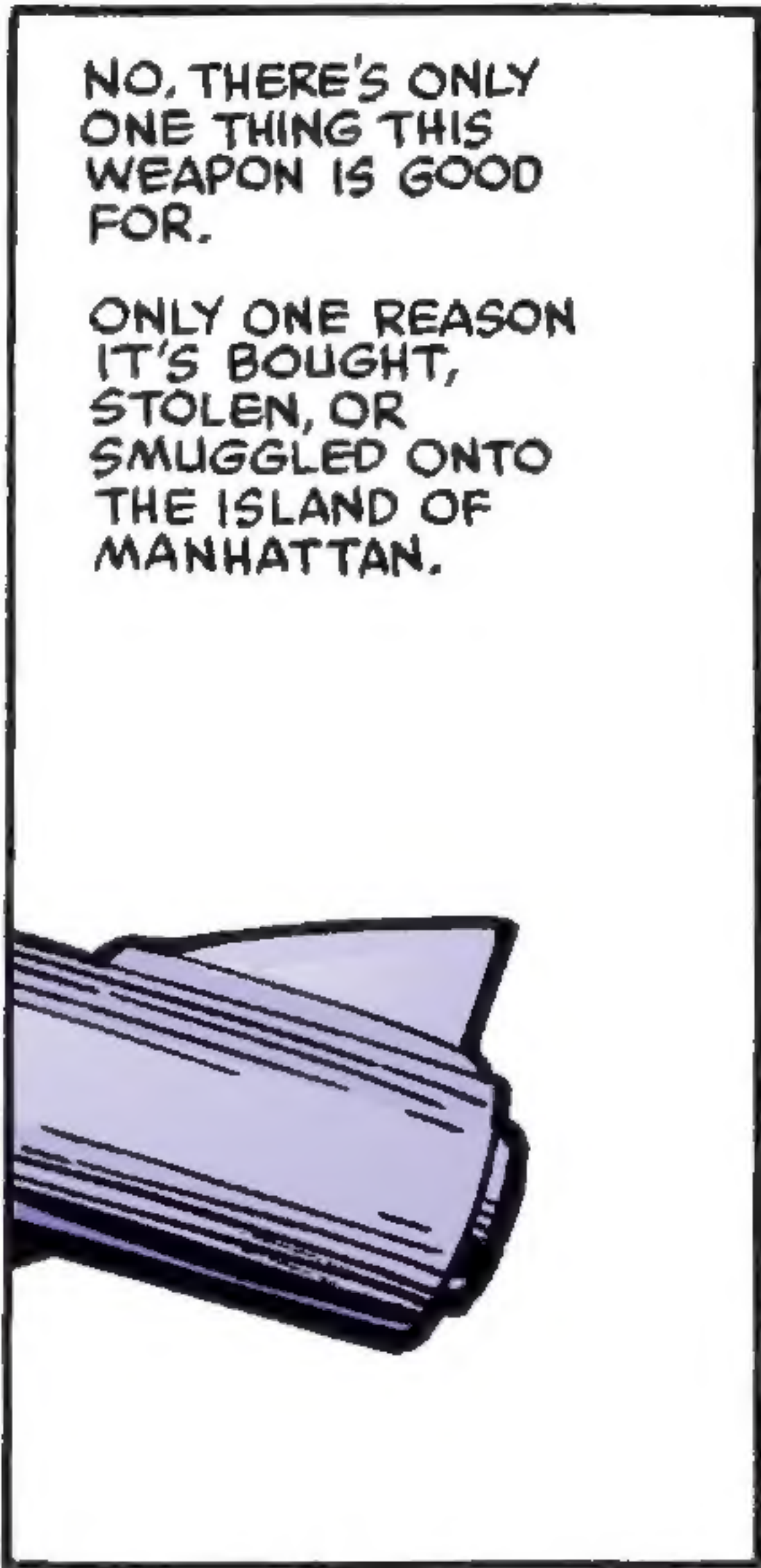
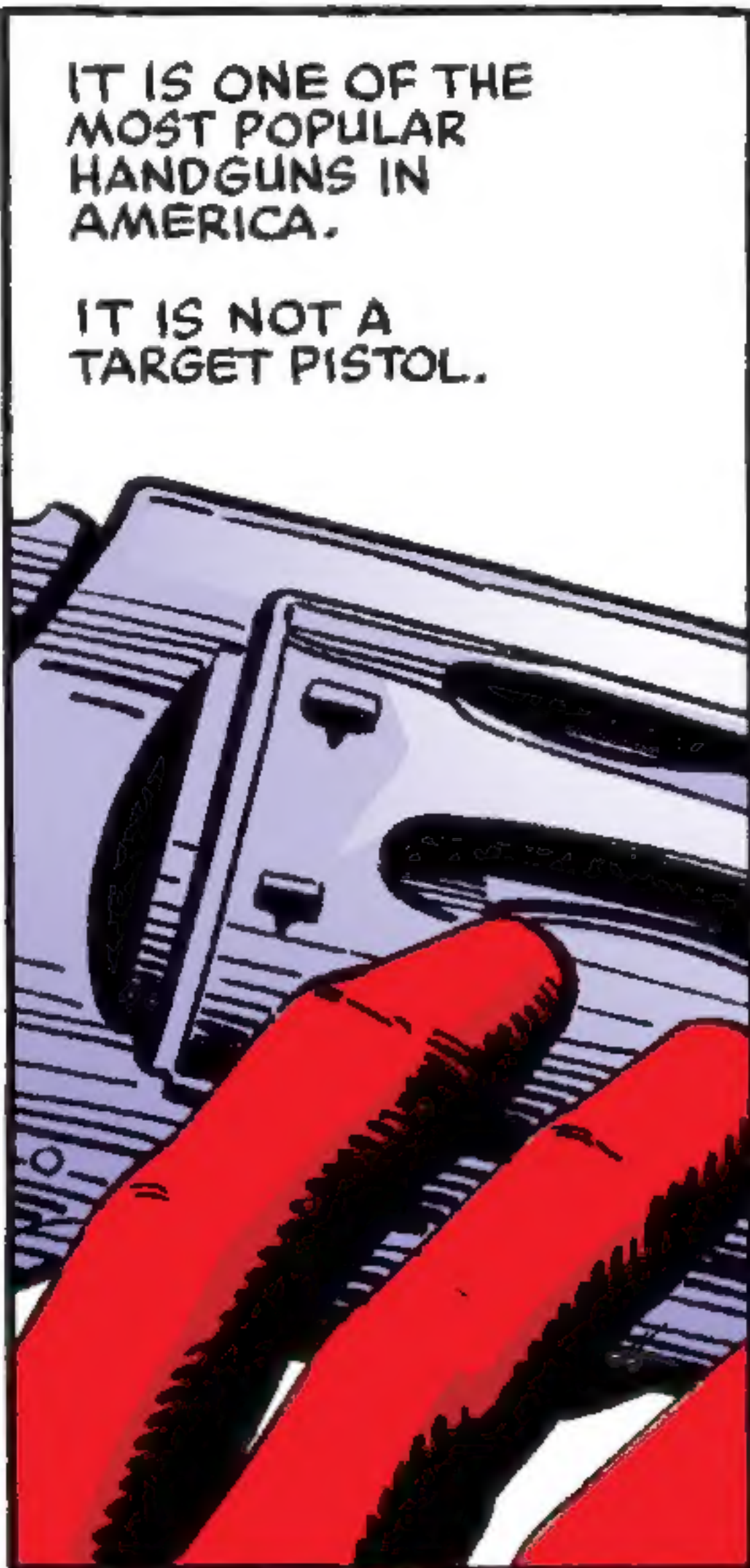
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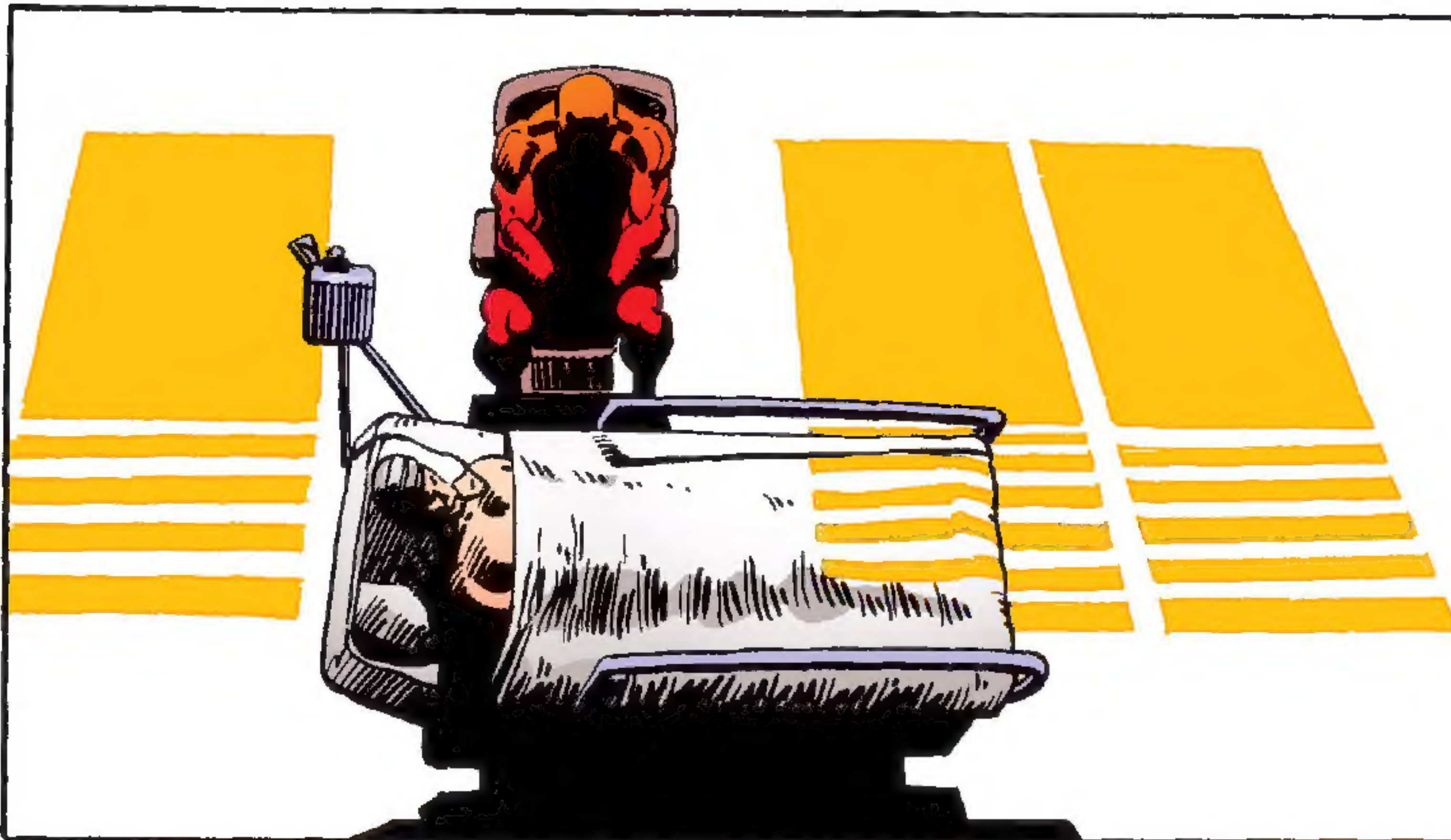
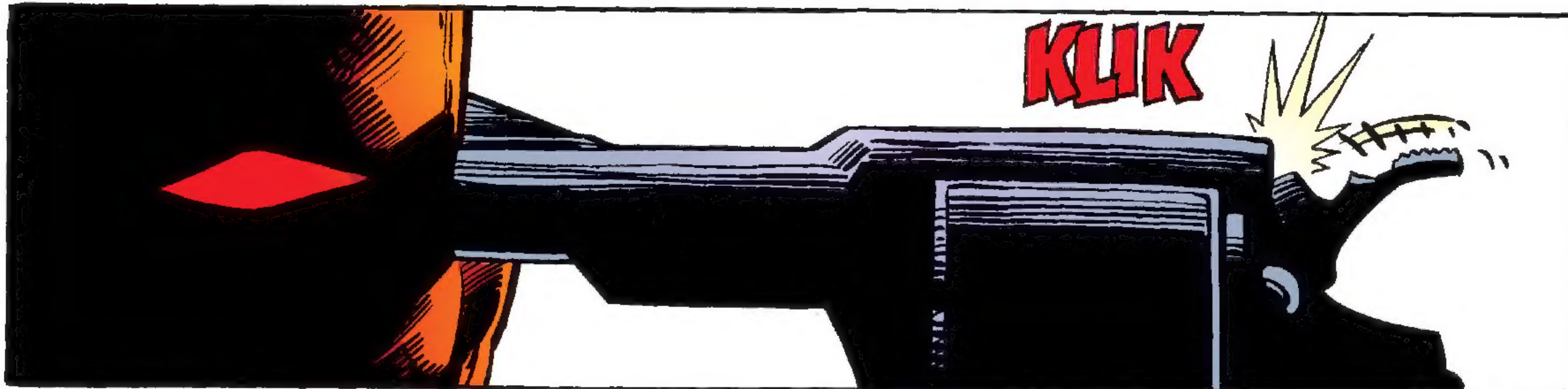
TM

DAREDEVIL®



HOW DOES A MAN
SEARCH FOR HIS
OWN SOUL?



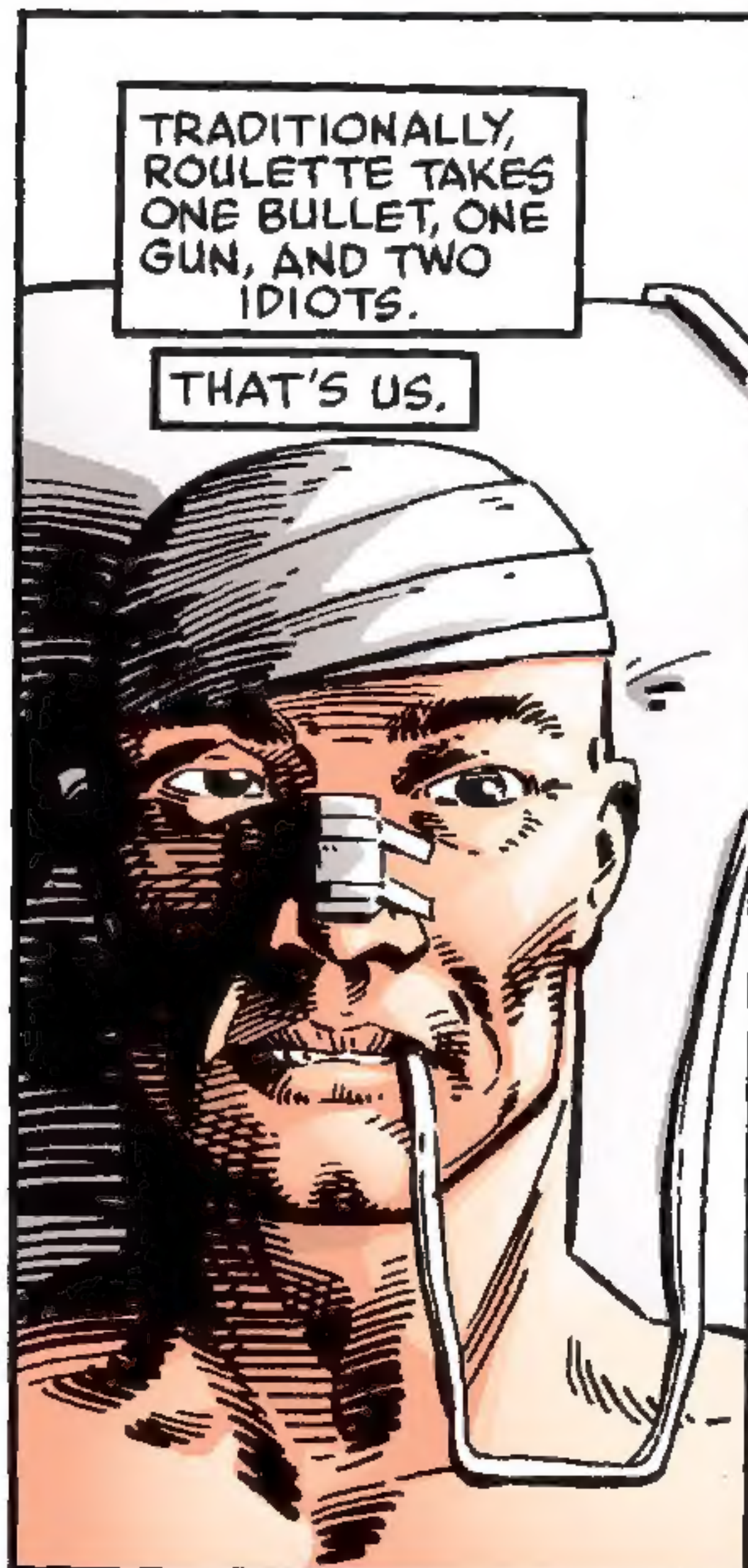


YOU MUST BE WONDERING WHY I CAME HERE, BULLSEYE. WHY *DAREDEVIL*, MAN WITHOUT FEAR, IDOL OF MILLIONS, WASTES A LOVELY AUTUMN EVENING IN THE COMPANY OF HIS DEADLIEST ENEMY.

THE ANSWER'S SIMPLE ENOUGH.

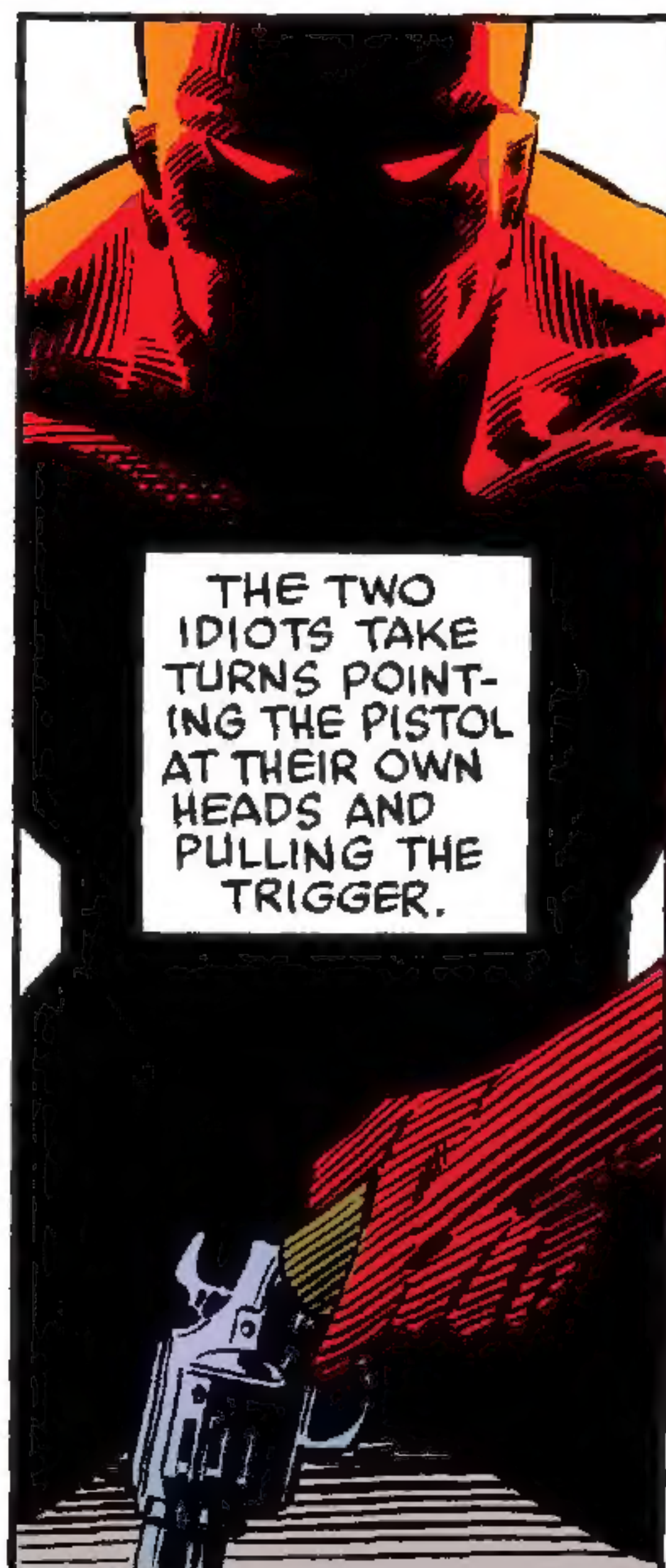
I'M HERE TO PLAY A GAME WITH YOU.

IT'S CALLED *ROULETTE*. BUT NOT THE KIND YOU PLAY IN A CASINO.

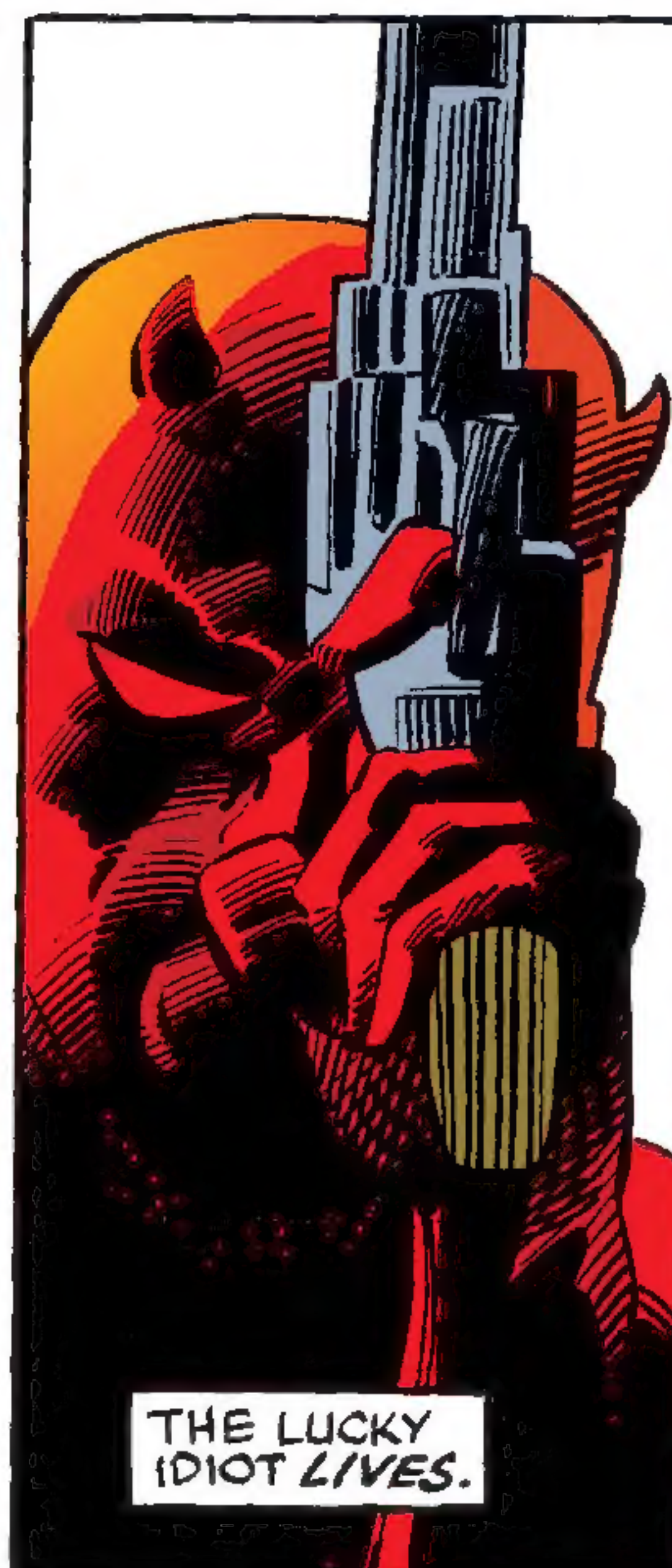


TRADITIONALLY, ROULETTE TAKES ONE BULLET, ONE GUN, AND TWO IDIOTS.

THAT'S US.



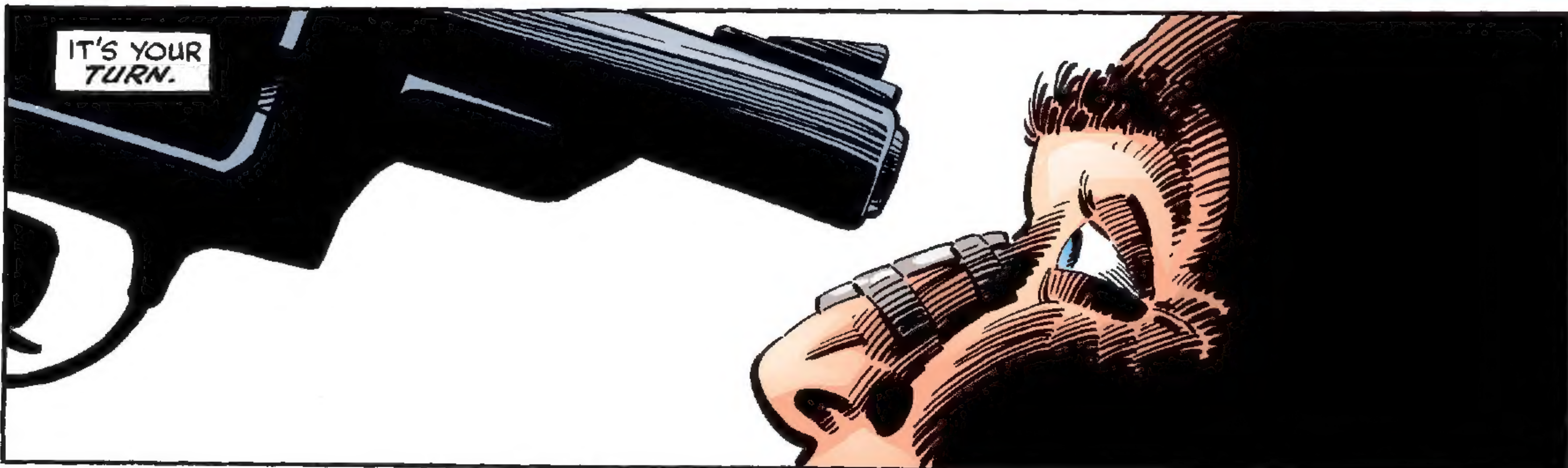
THE TWO IDIOTS TAKE TURNS POINTING THE PISTOL AT THEIR OWN HEADS AND PULLING THE TRIGGER.



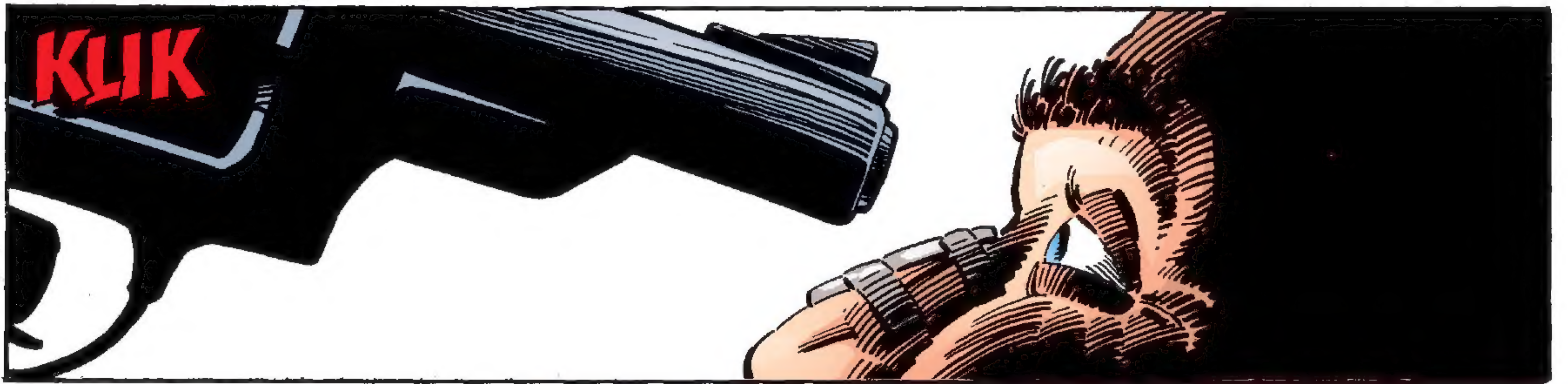
THE LUCKY IDIOT LIVES.



YOU FEEL LUCKY, BULLSEYE?



IT'S YOUR TURN.



HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME
DOING THE HONORS *FOR*
YOU LIKE THAT, BULLSEYE.
IT'S JUST THAT I DON'T WANT
YOU TO MISS OUT ON ALL
THE *FUN*, AND YOU...

...WELL, WHY BE POLITE?
YOU'RE *PARALYZED*. CAN'T
MOVE A MUSCLE IN YOUR
WHOLE *BODY*. CAN'T EVEN
TALK. AND THAT'S TOO
BAD. YEAH...

TOO BAD
I DID IT
FOR YOU.

OF
COURSE,
IN A WAY,
YOU DID
WORSE
TO ME...

YES...
MUCH
WORSE
...

YOU
MURDERED
ELEKTRA...

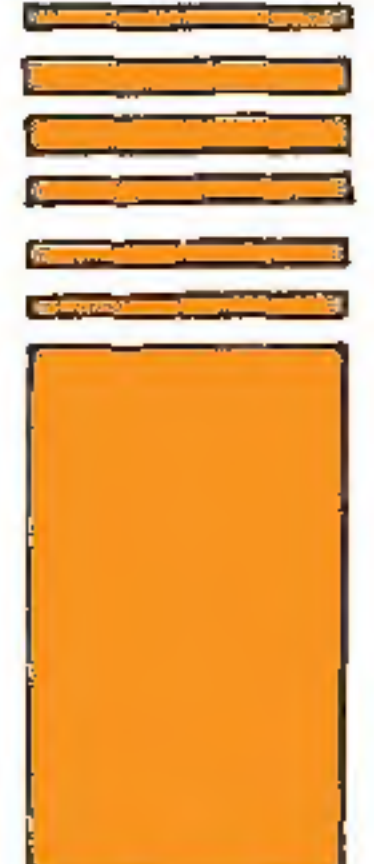
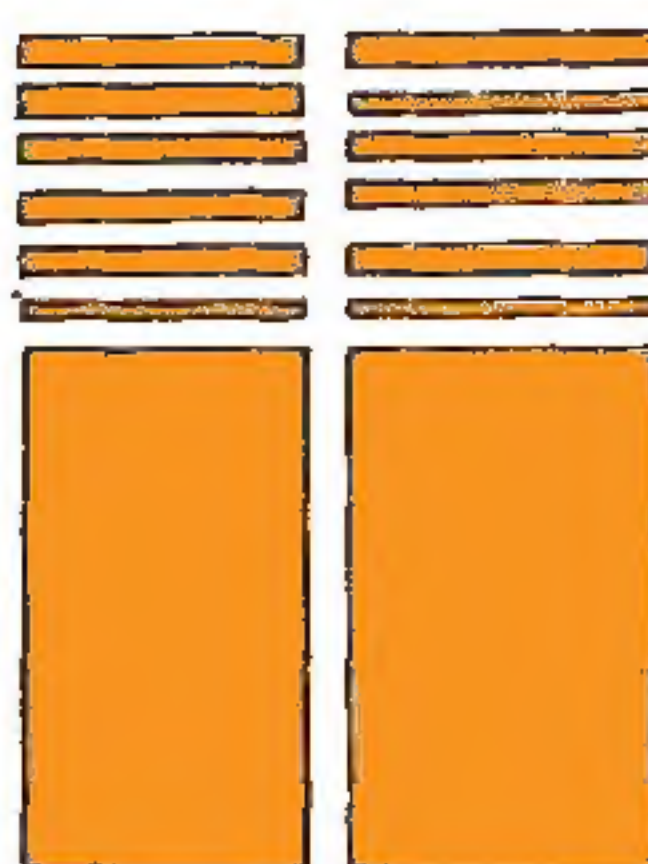
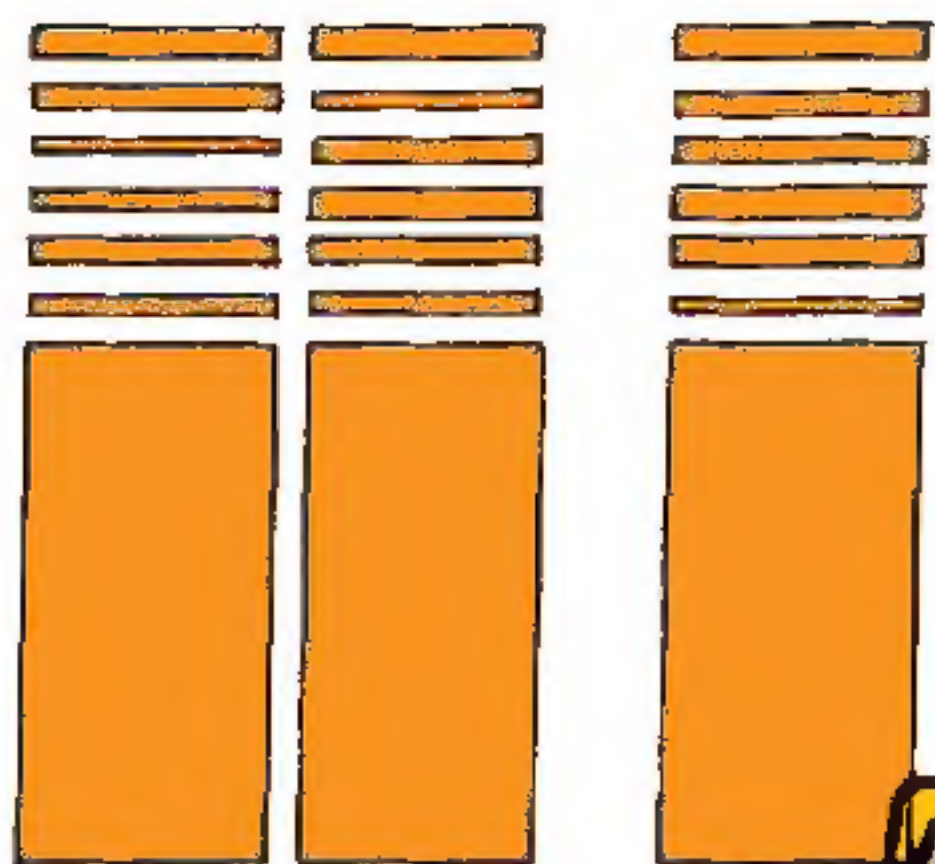
...THE
WOMAN
I LOVED.

MAYBE THAT'S WHY
I WANT TO PLAY THIS
GAME. BUT I DON'T
THINK SO.

NO, YOU KILLED ELEKTRA
MONTHS AGO--AND
WHILE THAT'S MADE ME
DO SOME *CRAZY* THINGS,
IT'S NOT WHAT BROUGHT
ME HERE. NOT DIRECTLY.

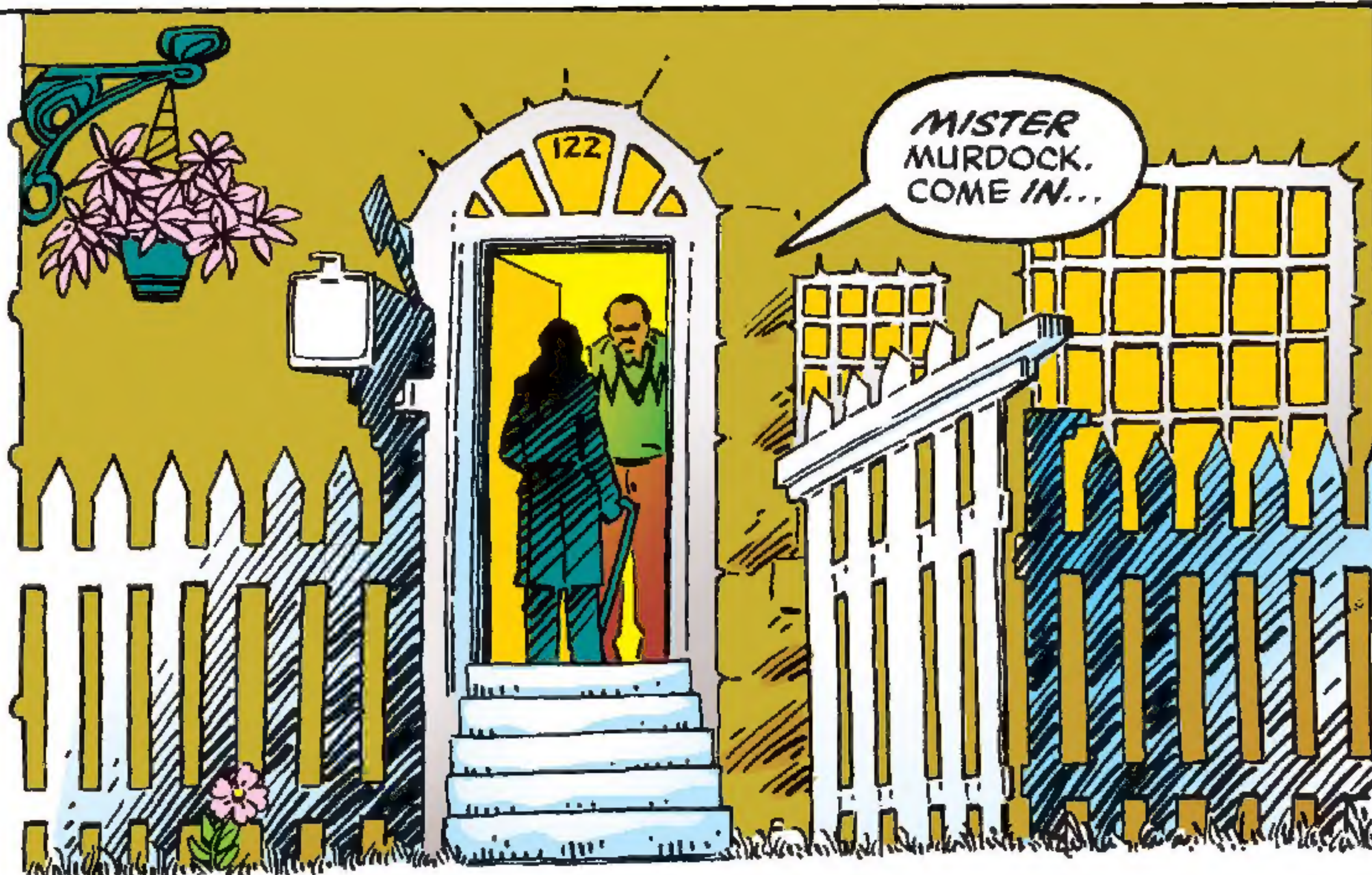
IT'S *CHUCKIE*.
HE BROUGHT
ME HERE.

LET ME EXPLAIN...



I WAS IN MY *SECRET IDENTITY*--AS *MATT MURDOCK*, FIRST CLASS *ATTORNEY*--WHEN I MET CHUCKIE, THE SECRET IDENTITY CAN BE A *RELIEF*, BULLSEYE, WHEN I'M MURDOCK, I DON'T HAVE TO USE MY AMPLIFIED SENSES TO PRETEND I'M NOT *BLIND*.

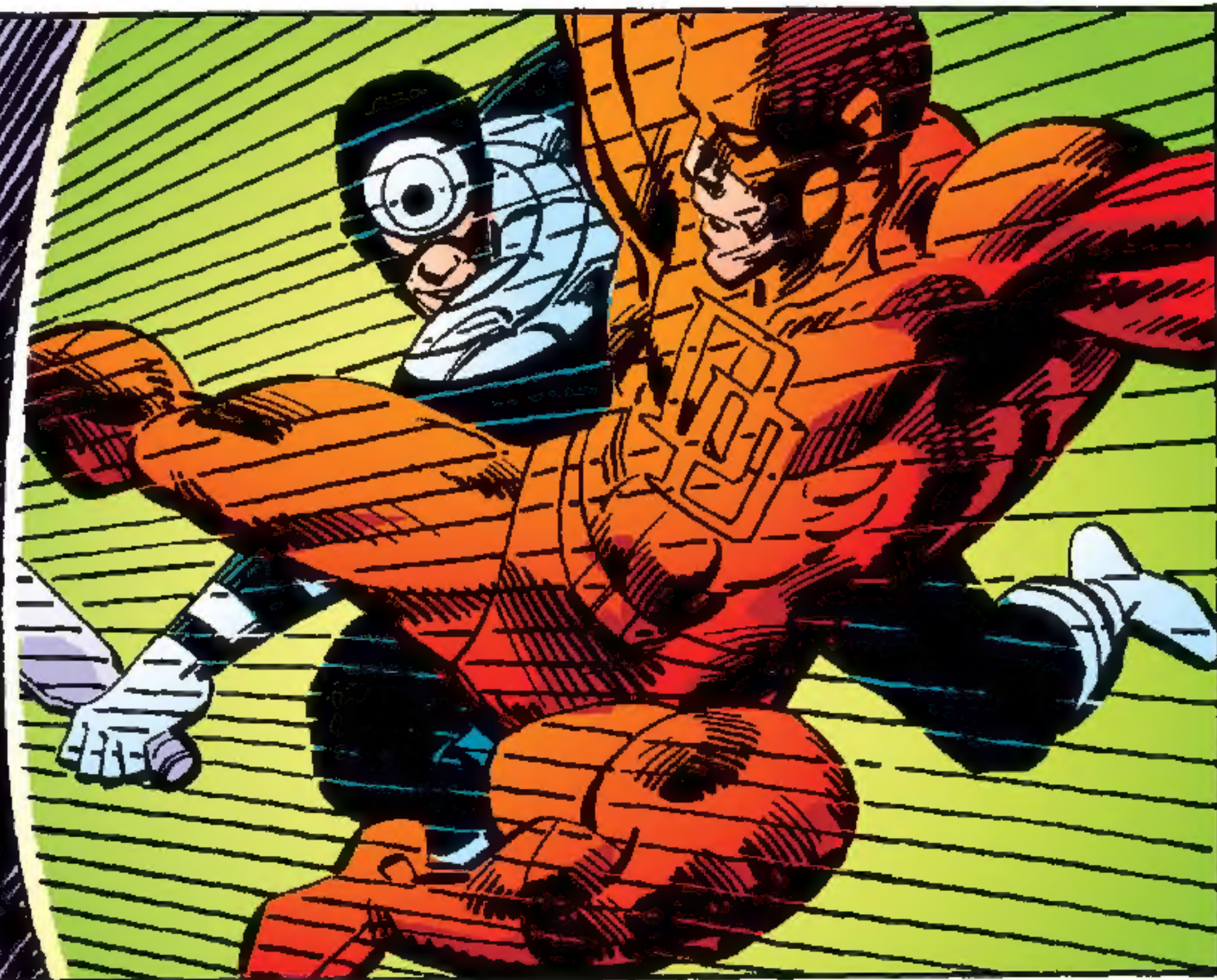
ANYWAY, IT TOOK MY PARTNER AN HOUR AND A HALF TO CONVINCE ME TO REPRESENT *HANK JURGENS*. I'D ARGUED THAT IT WAS A JOB FOR A FIRST YEAR PUBLIC DEFENDER. FOGGY'D TOLD ME IT WOULD BE GOOD *THERAPY*.



...SO GLAD YOU COULD COME BY.

GUESS YOU COULDN'T RESIST A HOME COOKED MEAL. GOOD FOR THE SOUL.

CHUCKIE! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN', BOY?



WATCHIN' THAT VIDEO MACHINE AGAIN, THE DAREDEVIL TAPE, RIGHT?

I SWEAR... WHY COULDN'T I HAVE A SON WHO WATCHES FOOTBALL WITH ME, LIKE A NORMAL BOY?

SORRY, POPPA.

DINNER TIME, BOY. GET YOUR HANDS WASHED.

YES, POPPA.



TAPE'S FROM ONE OF THEM TV SPECIALS, SHOWIN' WHEN DAREDEVIL CLOBBERED THAT BULLSEYE IN A TV STUDIO.

HAPPENED A YEAR OR TWO BACK.

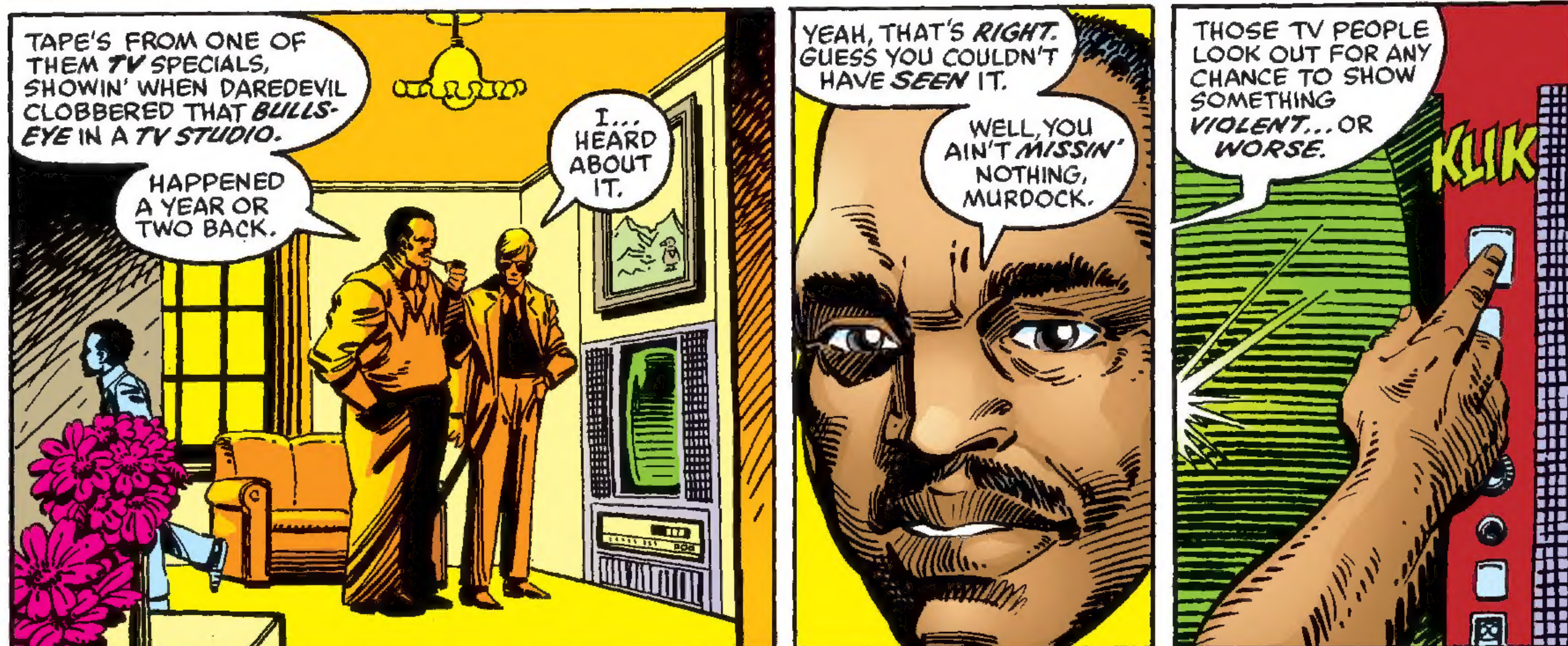
I... HEARD ABOUT IT.

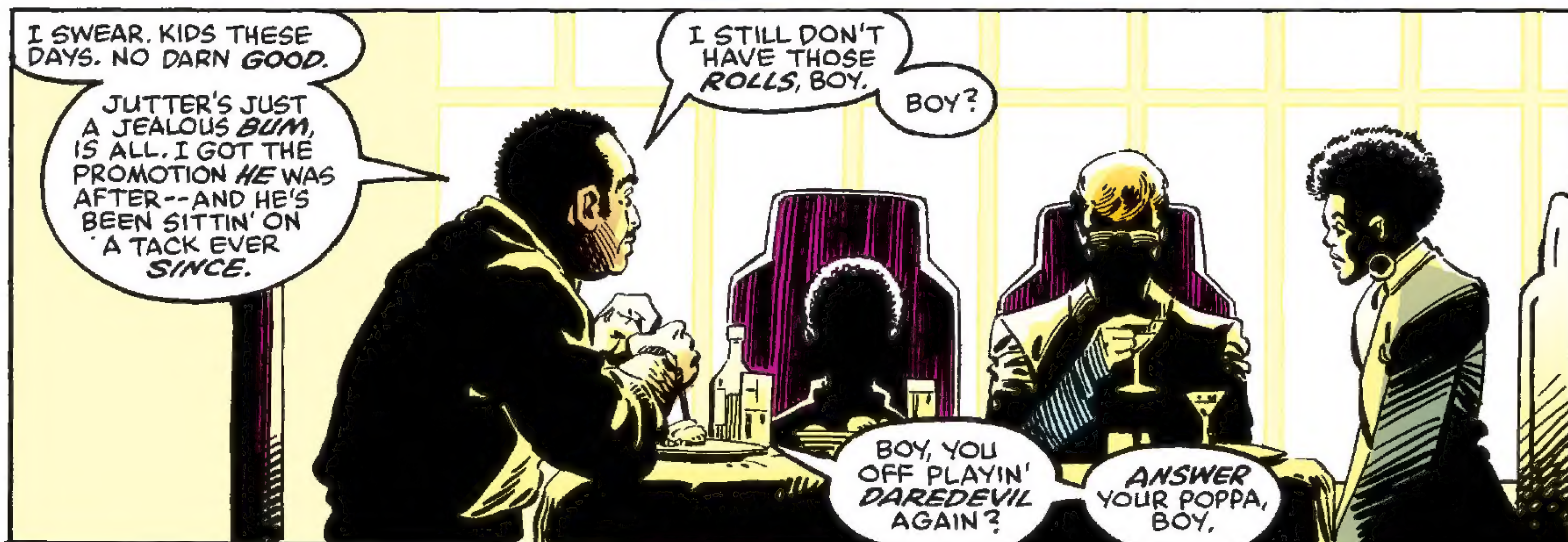
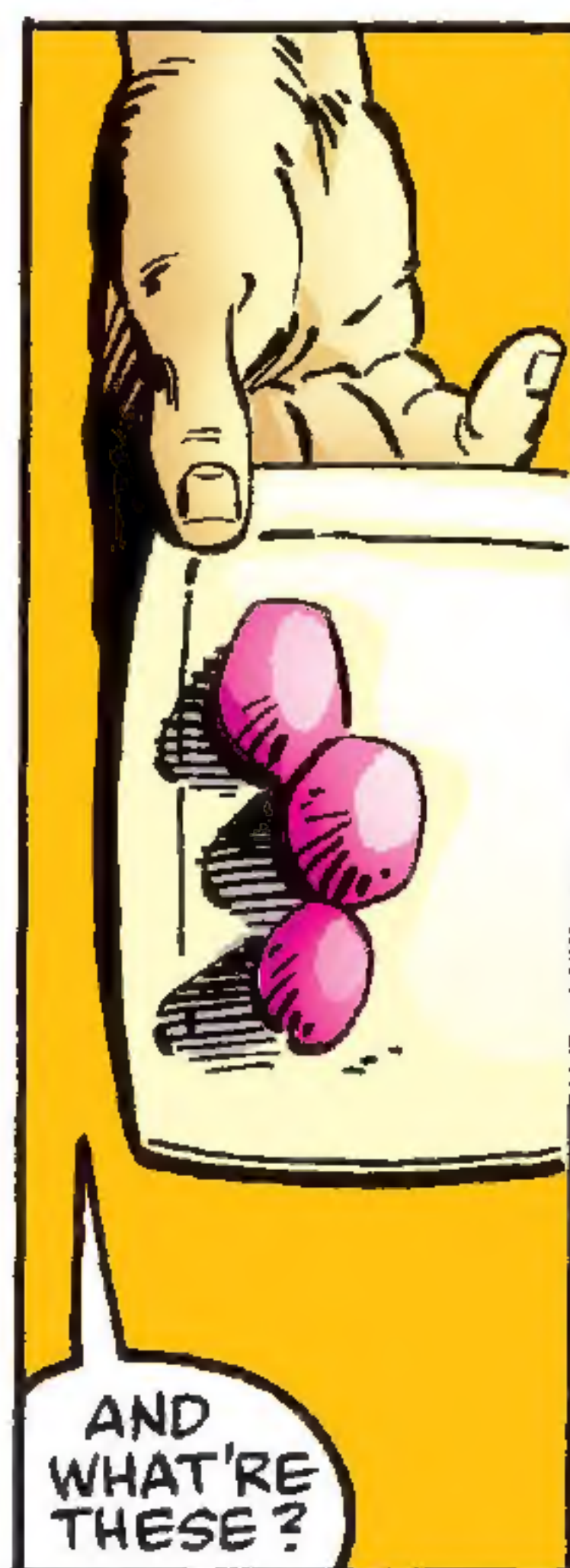
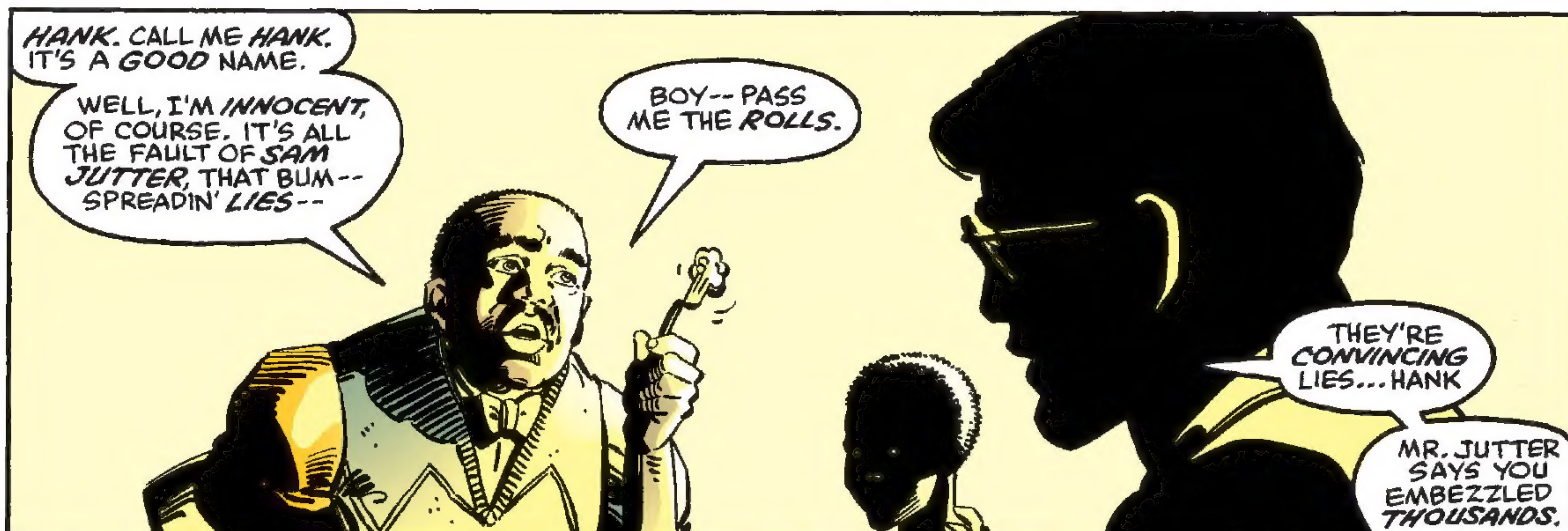
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. GUESS YOU COULDN'T HAVE SEEN IT.

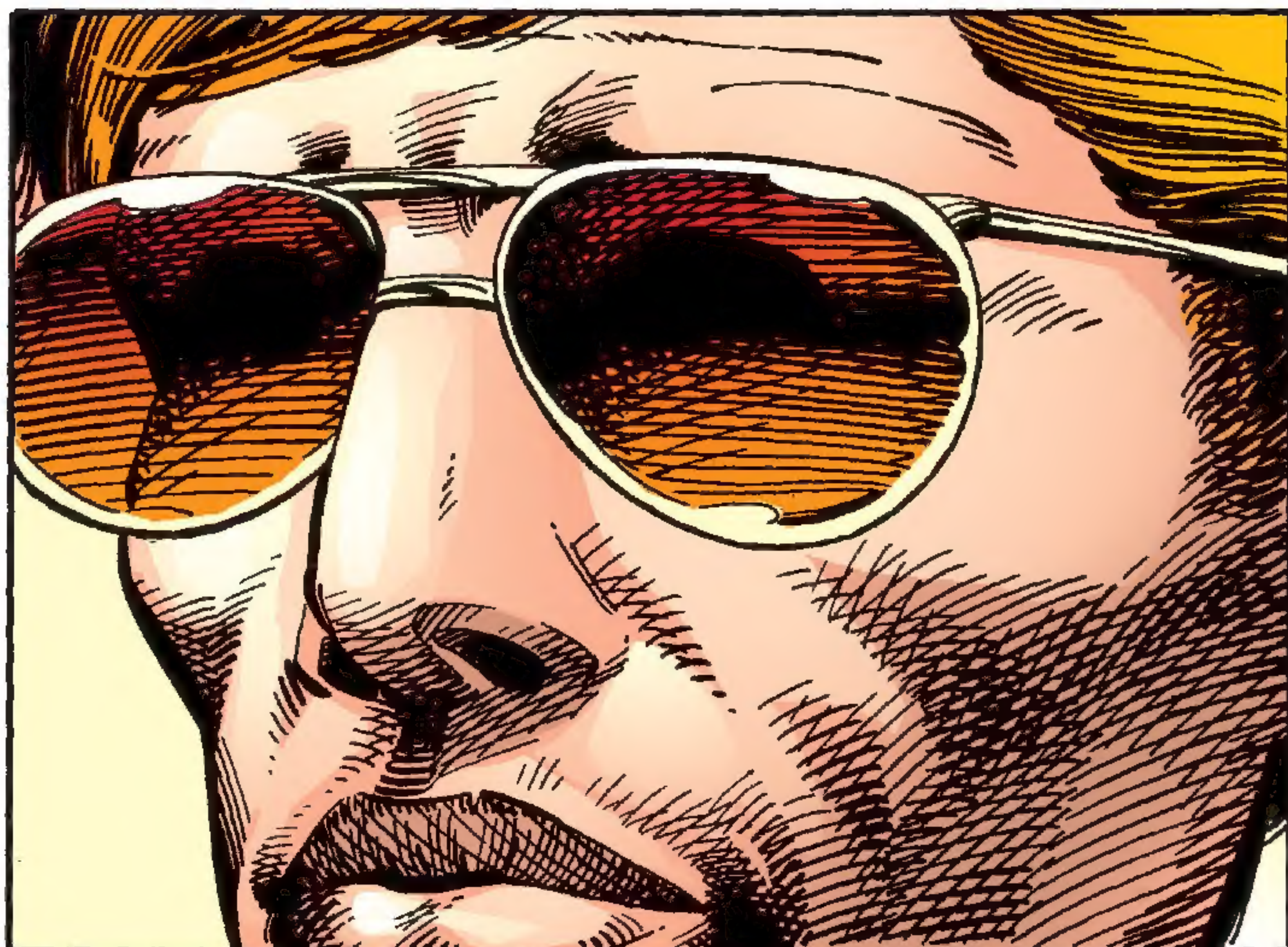
WELL, YOU AIN'T MISSIN' NOTHING, MURDOCK.

THOSE TV PEOPLE LOOK OUT FOR ANY CHANCE TO SHOW SOMETHING VIOLENT... OR WORSE.

KLIK







IT WAS AFTER DINNER THAT JURGENS SHOWED ME HIS GUN...



WISH YOU COULD SEE HER, MURDOCK. SHE'S A BEAUTY. REGULAR PEACE-MAKER.

AND DON'T YOU WORRY NONE. I GOT ME A LICENSE FOR THIS BABY, YES, SIR.

MY FAMILY'S PROTECTED.

YEAH, THAT JURGENS WAS A REAL TREAT.

BUT IT WAS HIS SON-- CHUCKIE--WHO INTERESTED ME. I HAD TO UNDERSTAND THE EFFECT I HAD ON HIM.

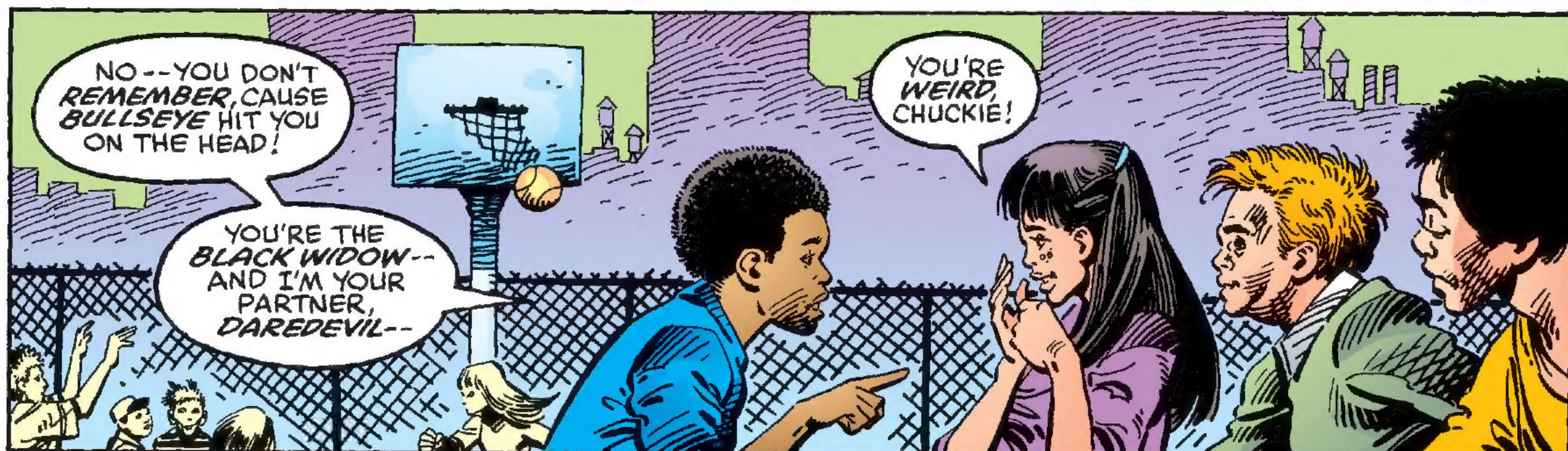
SO, A FEW DAYS LATER, I PAID HIM A VISIT, AT HIS SCHOOL...



NO--YOU DON'T REMEMBER, CAUSE BULLSEYE HIT YOU ON THE HEAD!

YOU'RE THE BLACK WIDOW-- AND I'M YOUR PARTNER, DAREDEVIL--

YOU'RE WEIRD, CHUCKIE!



C'MON-- LET'S GO PLAY!

YEAH. LET CHUCKIE GO FLY SOMEWHERE.

I CAN'T FLY.

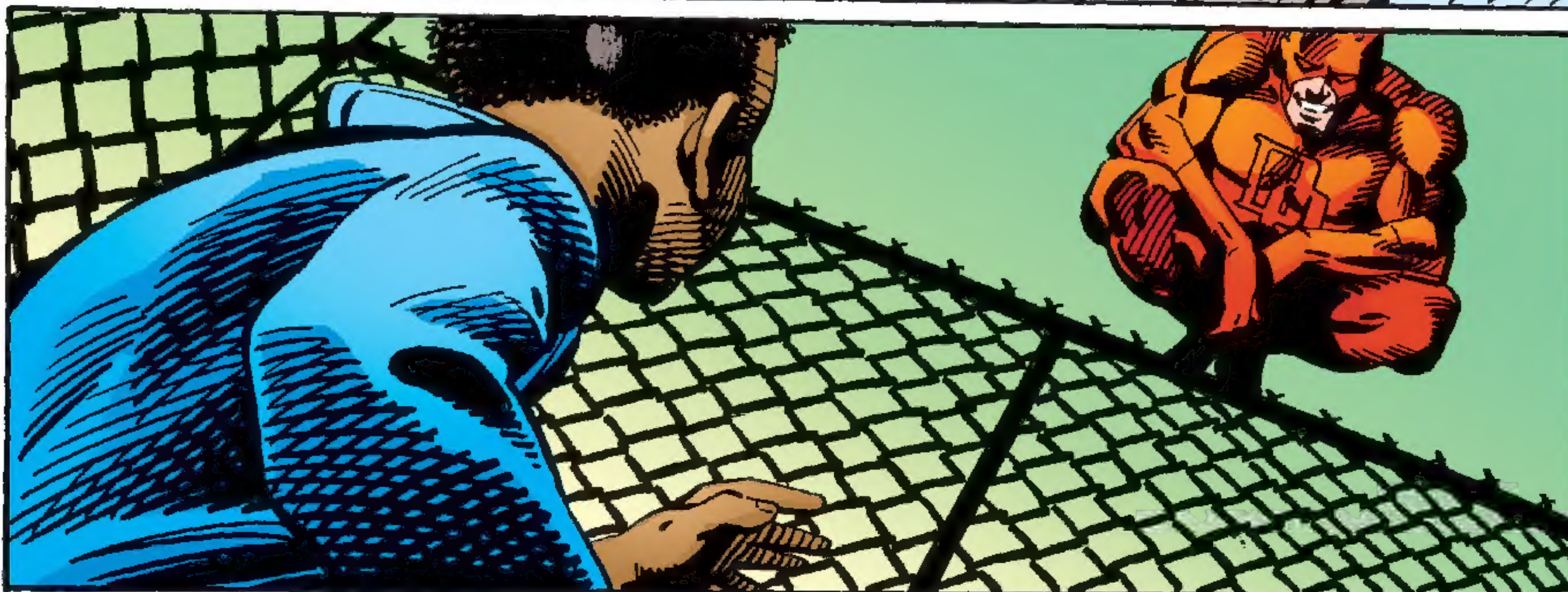
BUT I CAN JUMP AROUND BUILDINGS LIKE--

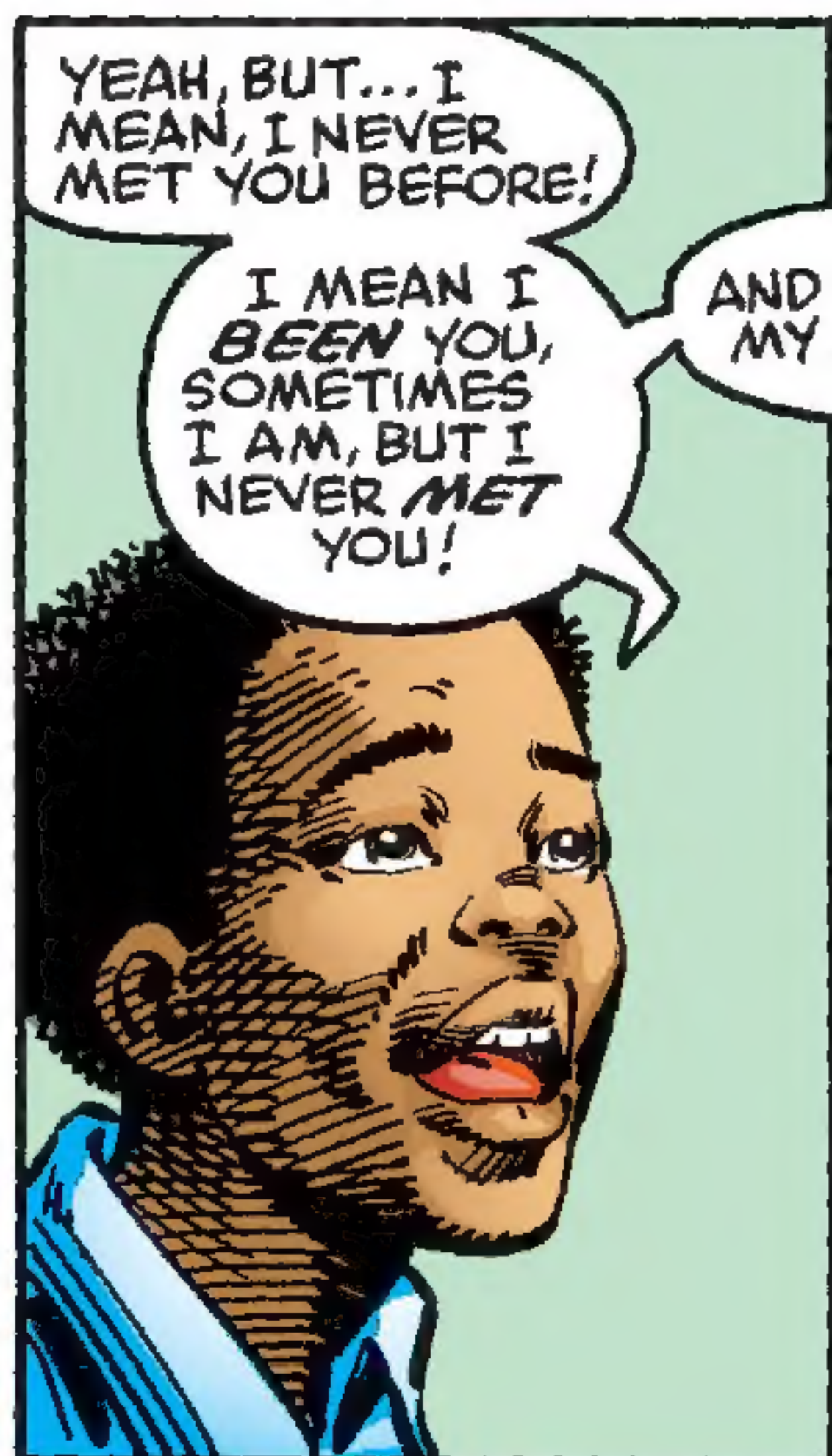
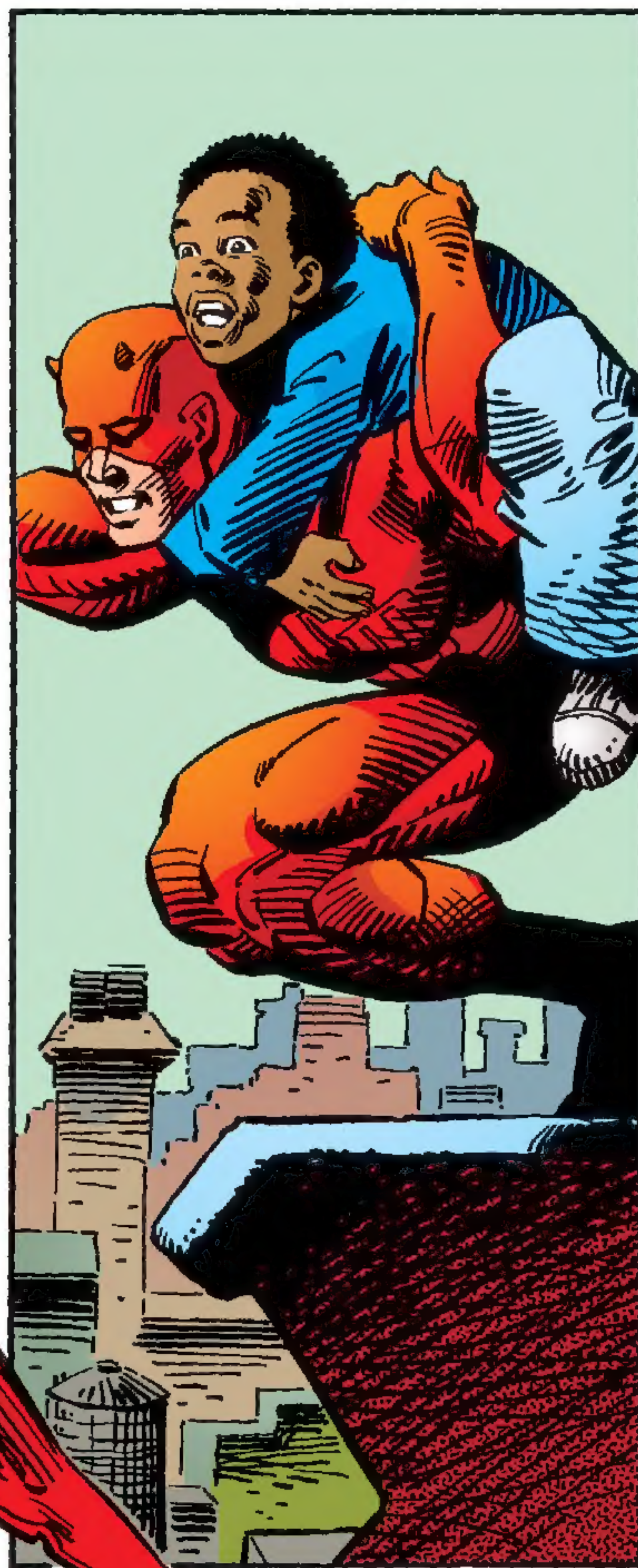
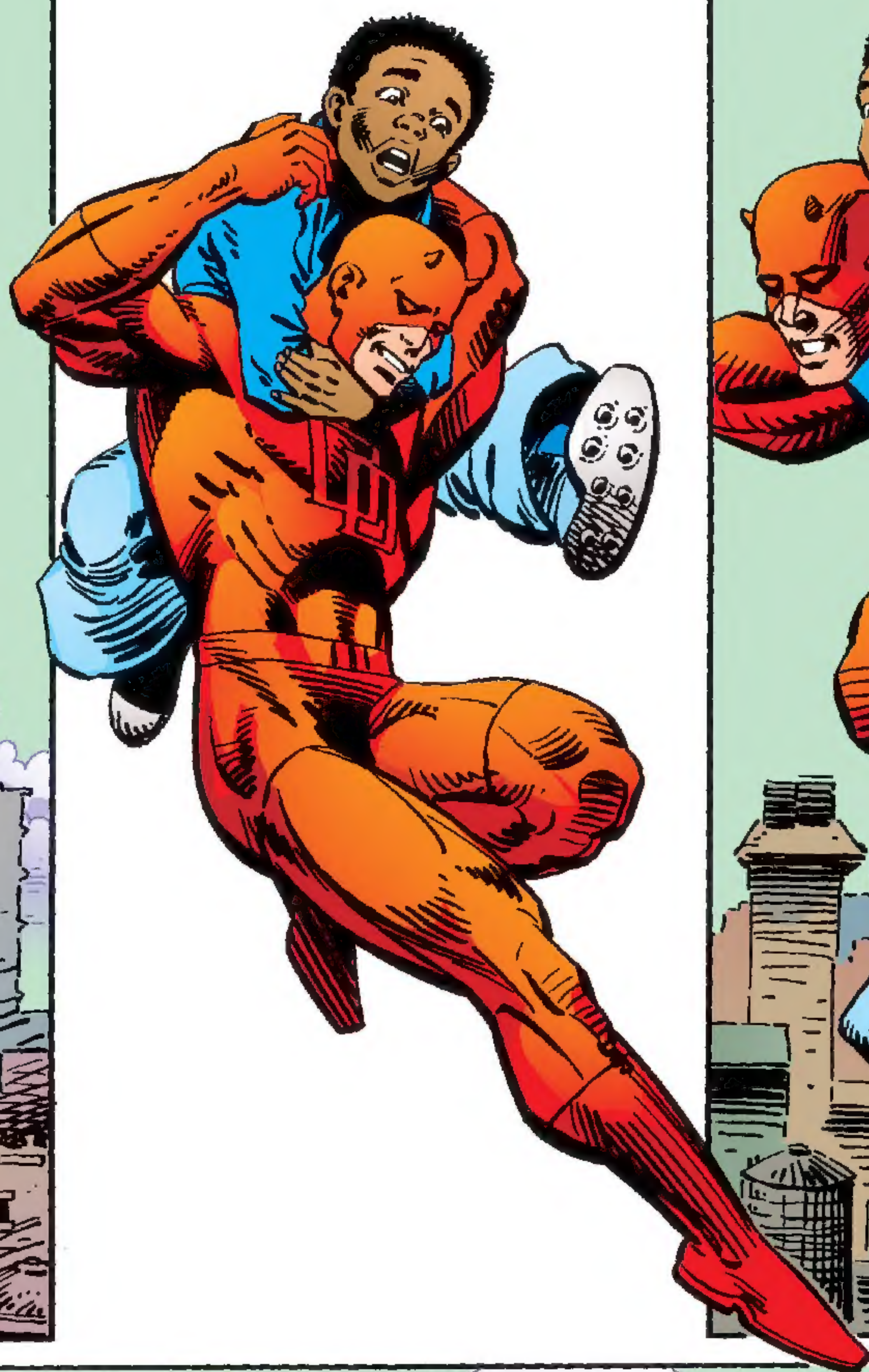
CHUCKIE?

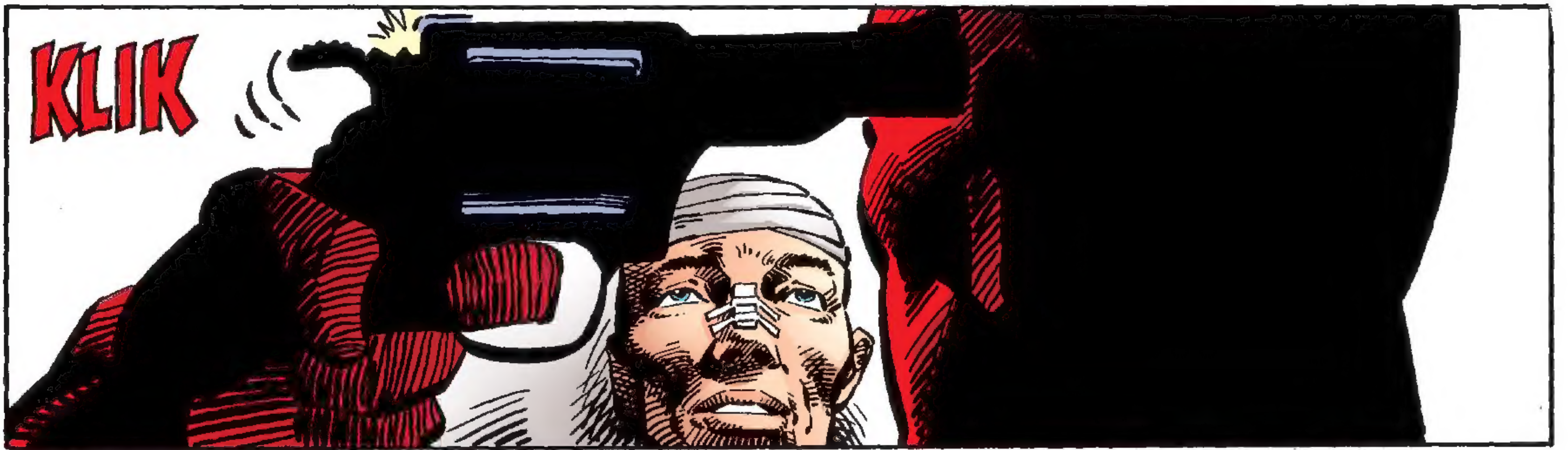


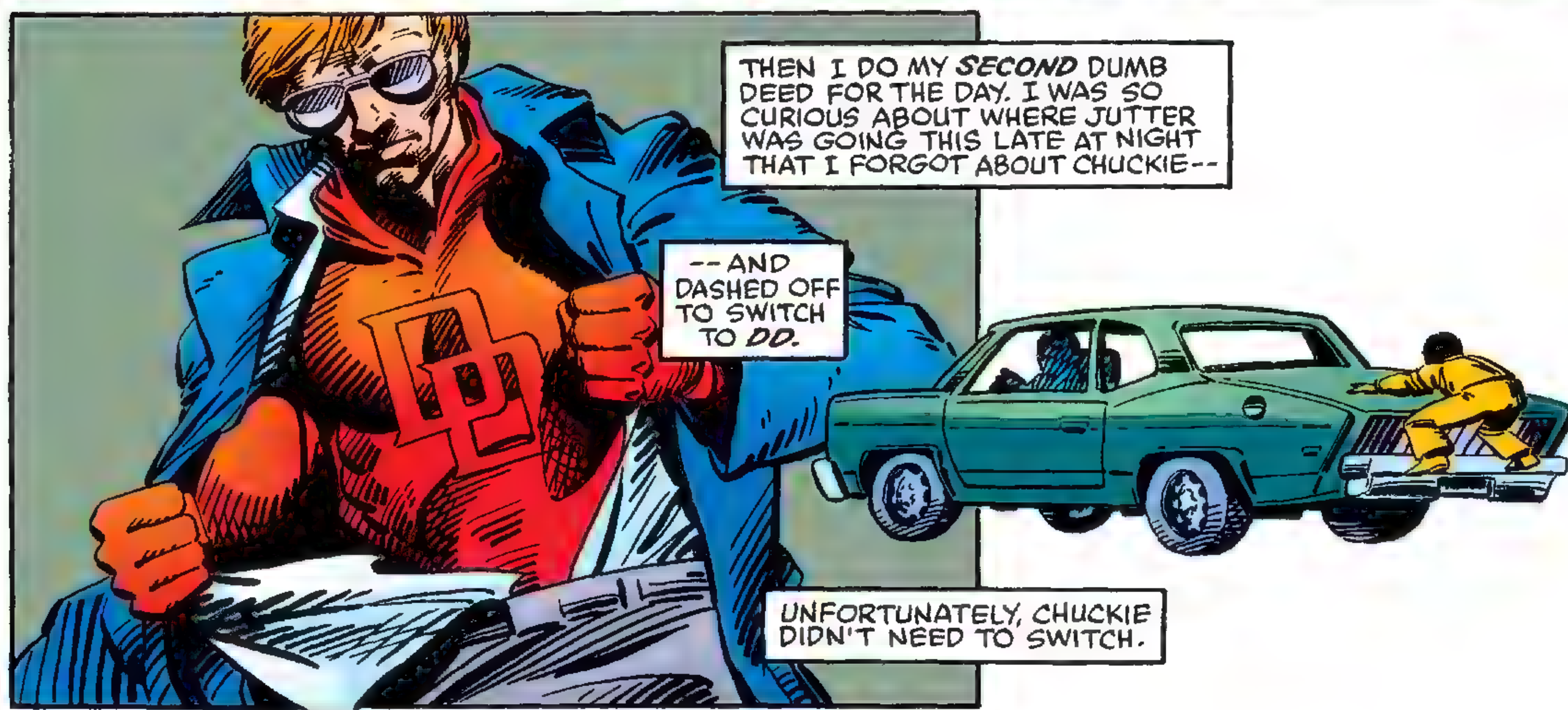
HE SEEMED TO BE A SWEET ENOUGH KID--MORE IN NEED OF SOME HONEST FUN THAN ANYTHING ELSE.

AND ME, I COULD'VE USED A ROUND OR TWO OF APPLAUSE.







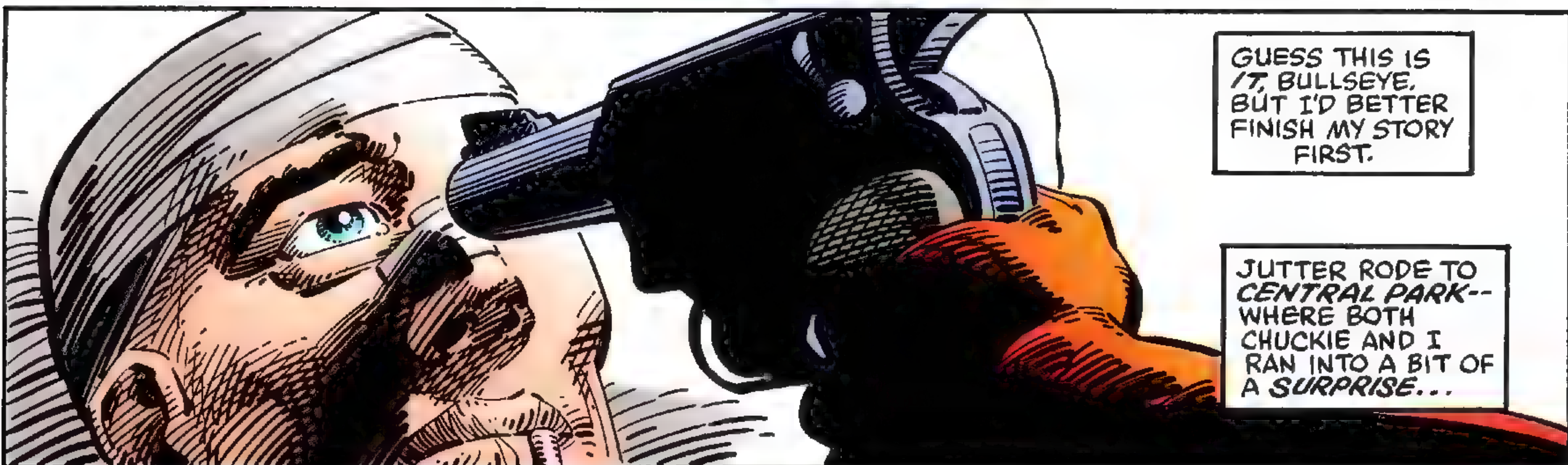




KLIK

THAT'S FIVE.

LUCKY ME.



GUESS THIS IS IT, BULLSEYE, BUT I'D BETTER FINISH MY STORY FIRST.

JUTTER RODE TO CENTRAL PARK-- WHERE BOTH CHUCKIE AND I RAN INTO A BIT OF A SURPRISE...



WELL, MY FRIEND... PERHAPS YOU'VE COME TO YOUR SENSES?

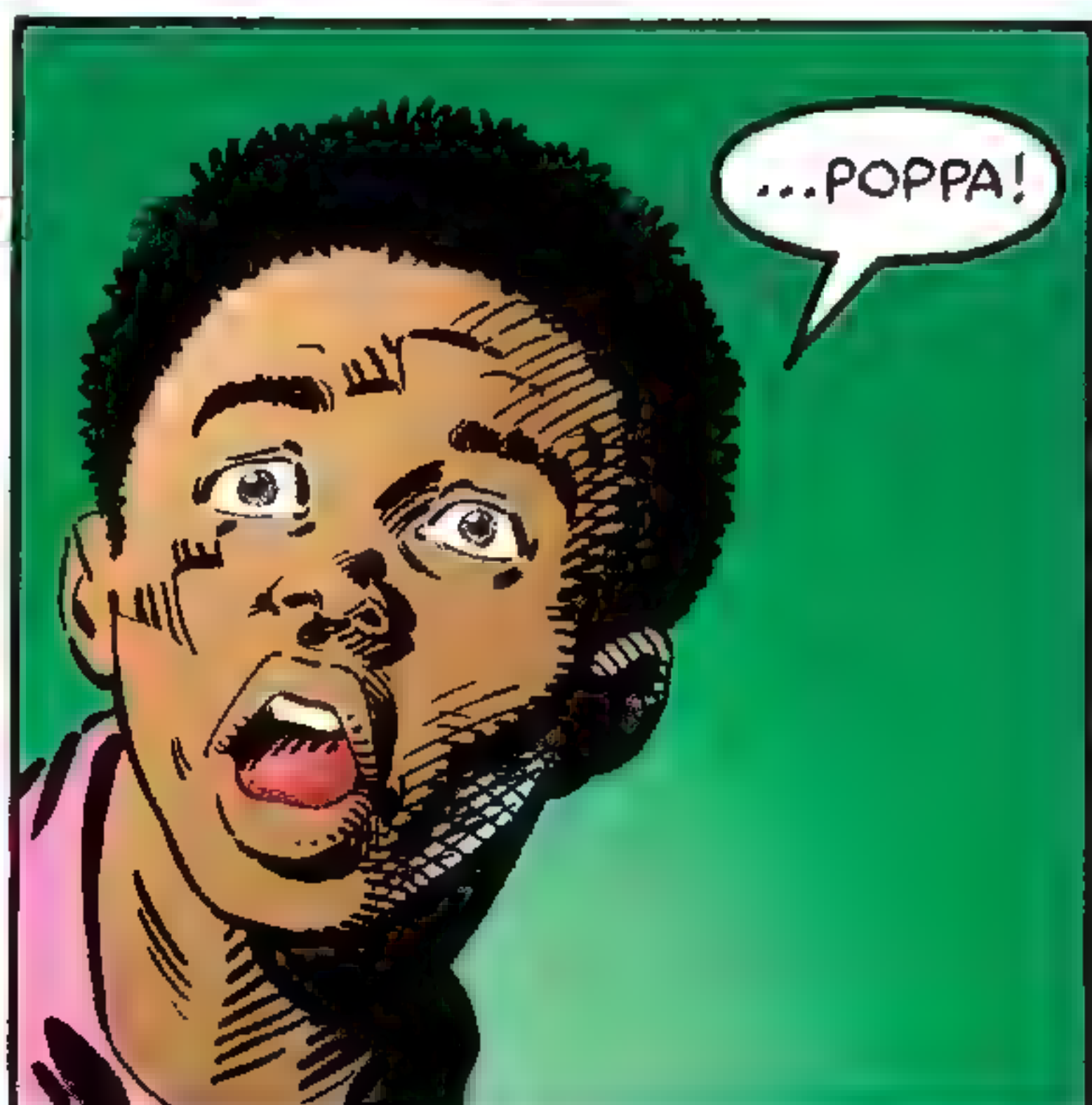


YOU'RE TRYING TO SQUEEZE ME, JUTTER.

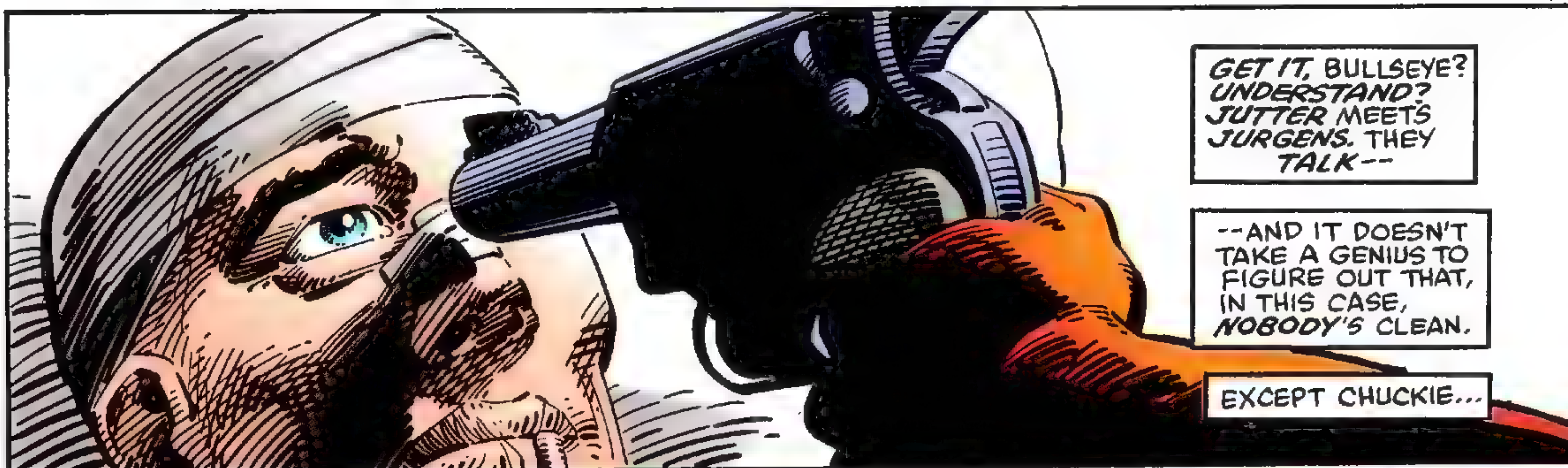


THE VOICE CONFIRMED THE IDENTITY OF THE ROUGH SILHOUETTE MY RADAR-SENSE PROVIDED ME...

JURGENS.



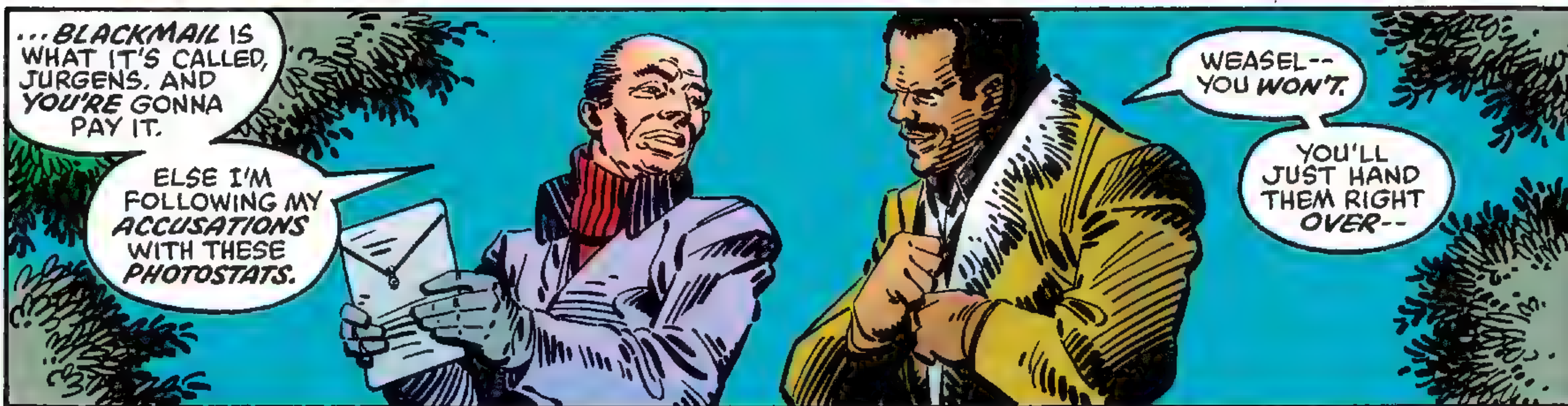
...POPPA!



GET IT, BULLSEYE?
UNDERSTAND?
JUTTER MEETS
JURGENS. THEY
TALK--

--AND IT DOESN'T
TAKE A GENIUS TO
FIGURE OUT THAT,
IN THIS CASE,
NOBODY'S CLEAN.

EXCEPT CHUCKIE...

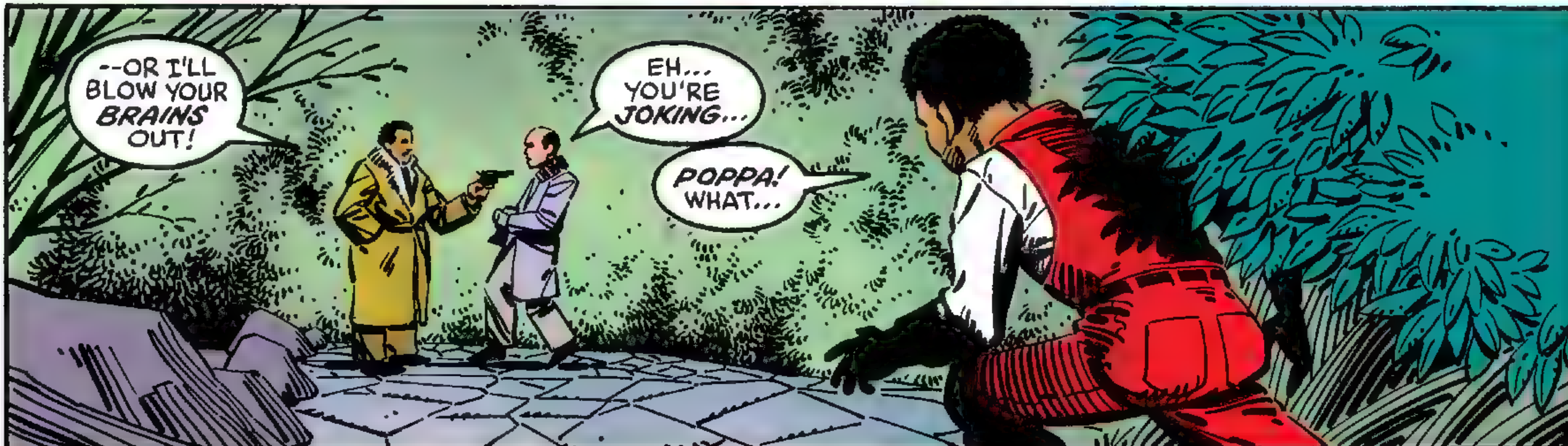


...BLACKMAIL IS
WHAT IT'S CALLED,
JURGENS. AND
YOU'RE GONNA
PAY IT.

ELSE I'M
FOLLOWING MY
ACCUSATIONS
WITH THESE
PHOTOSTATS.

WEASEL--
YOU WON'T.

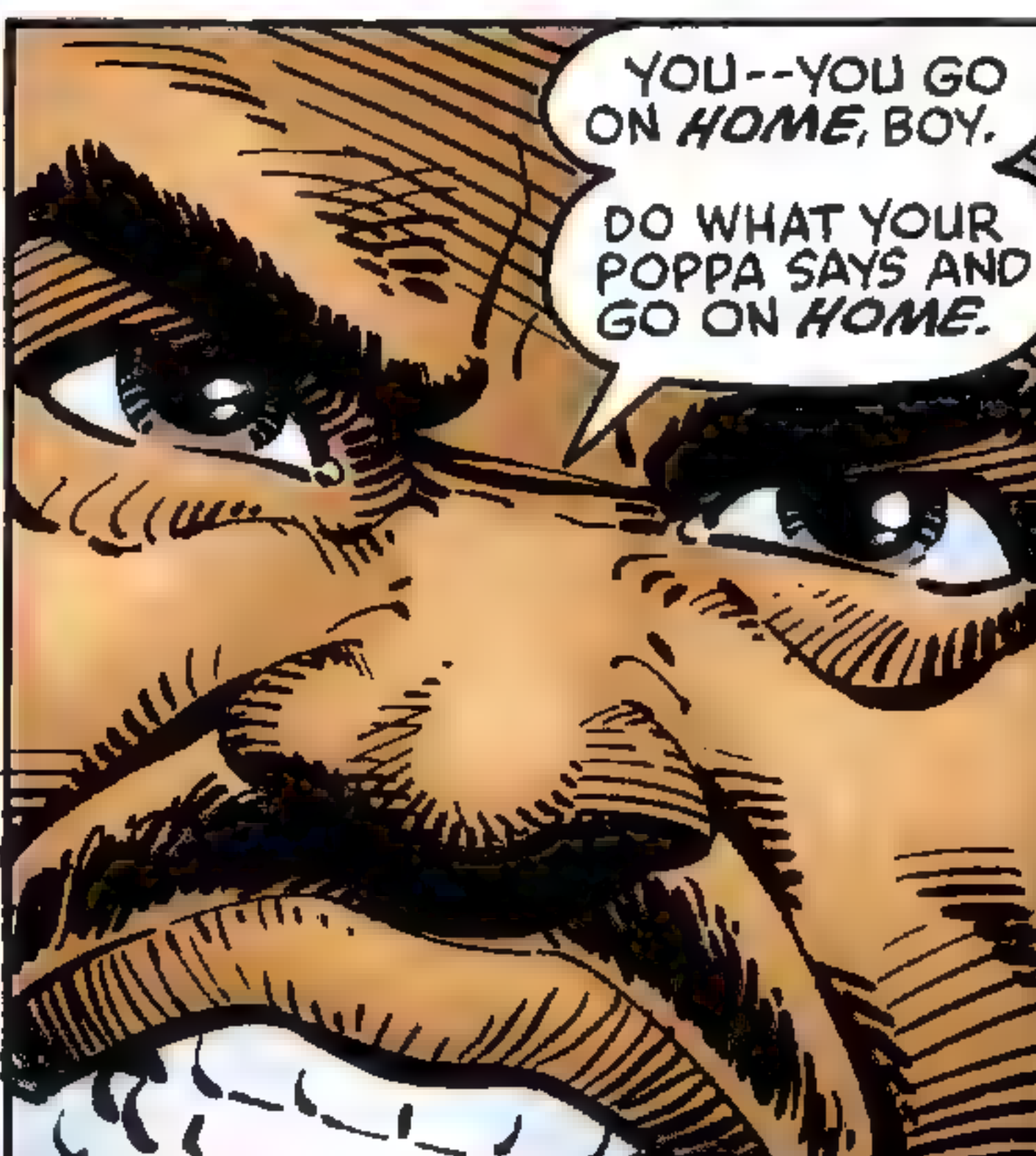
YOU'LL
JUST HAND
THEM RIGHT
OVER--



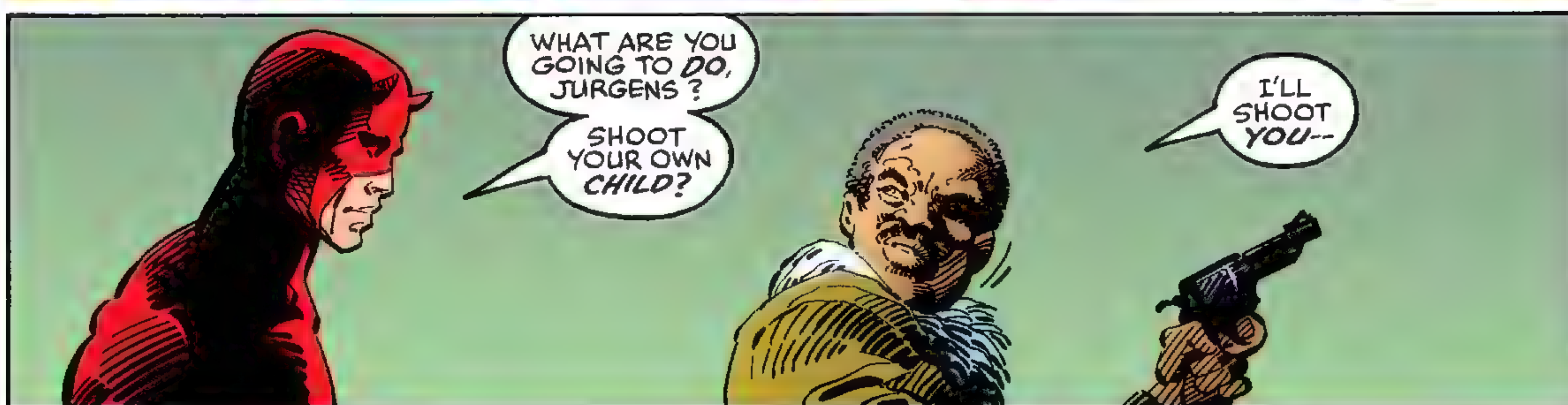
--OR I'LL
BLOW YOUR
BRAINS
OUT!

EH...
YOU'RE
JOKING...

POPPA!
WHAT...



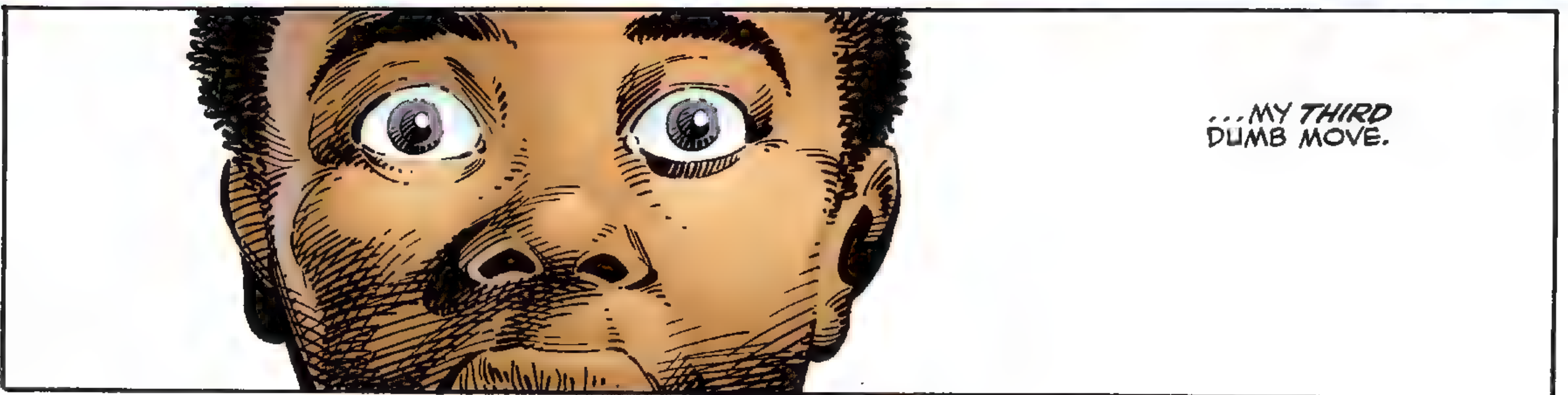
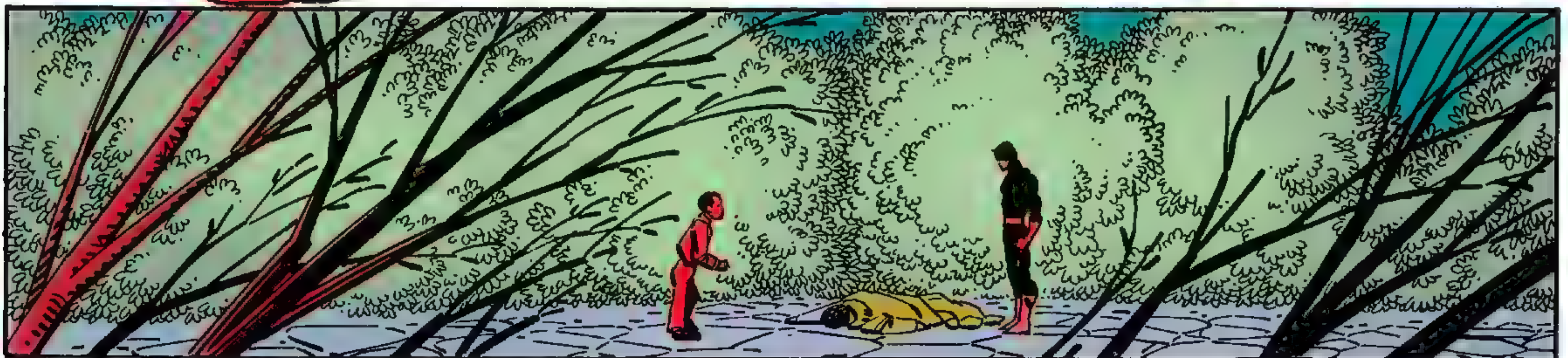
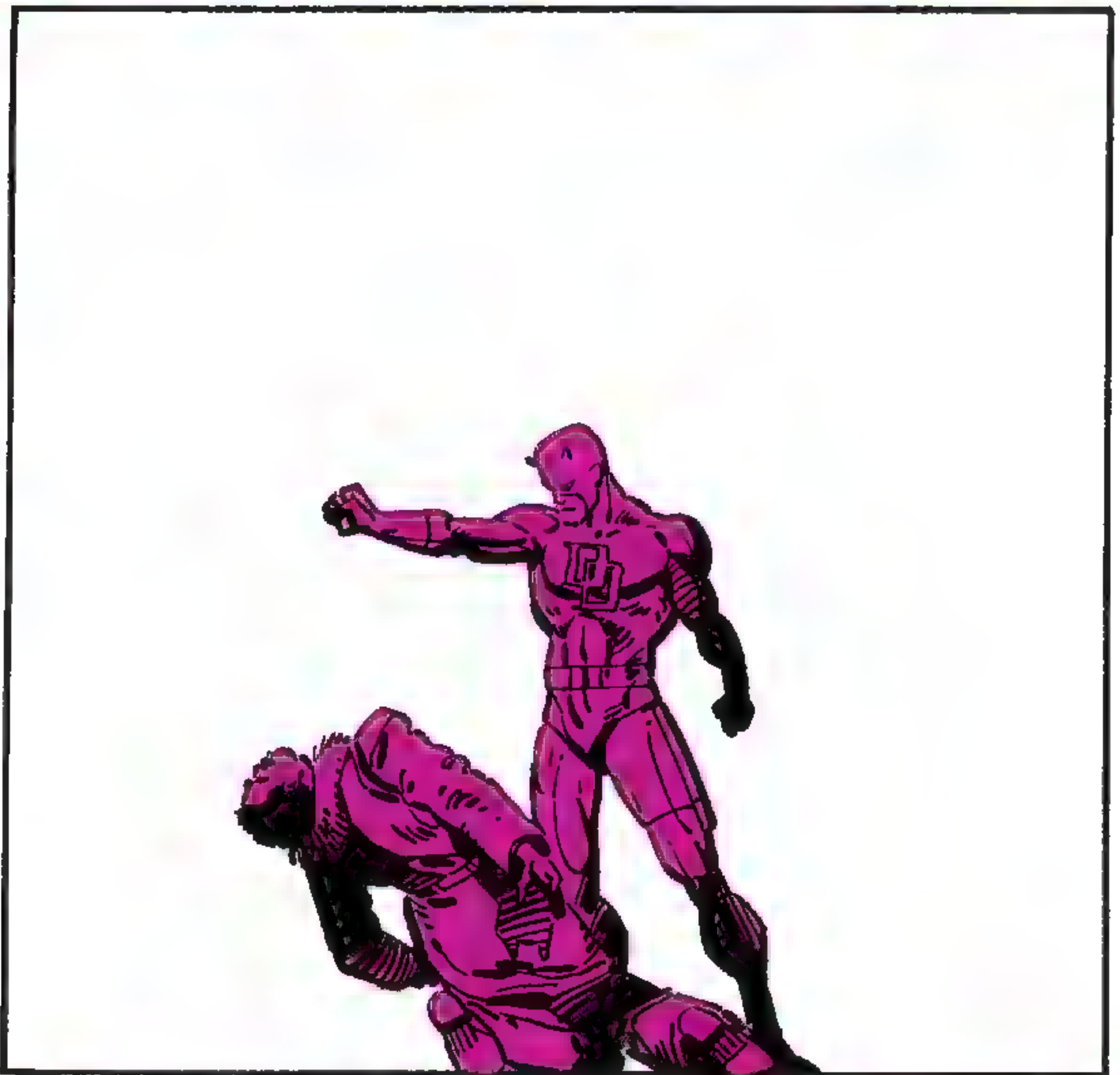
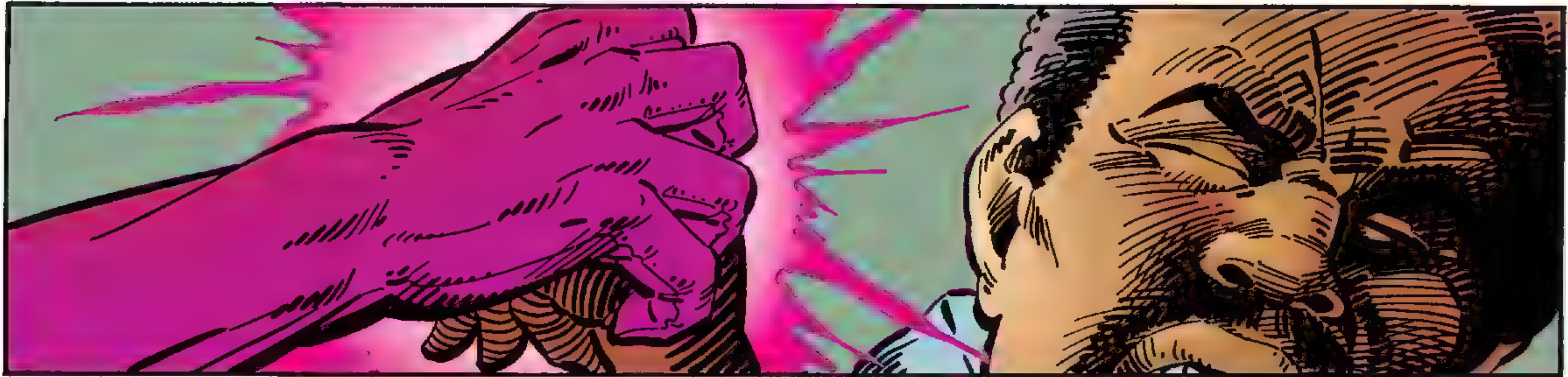
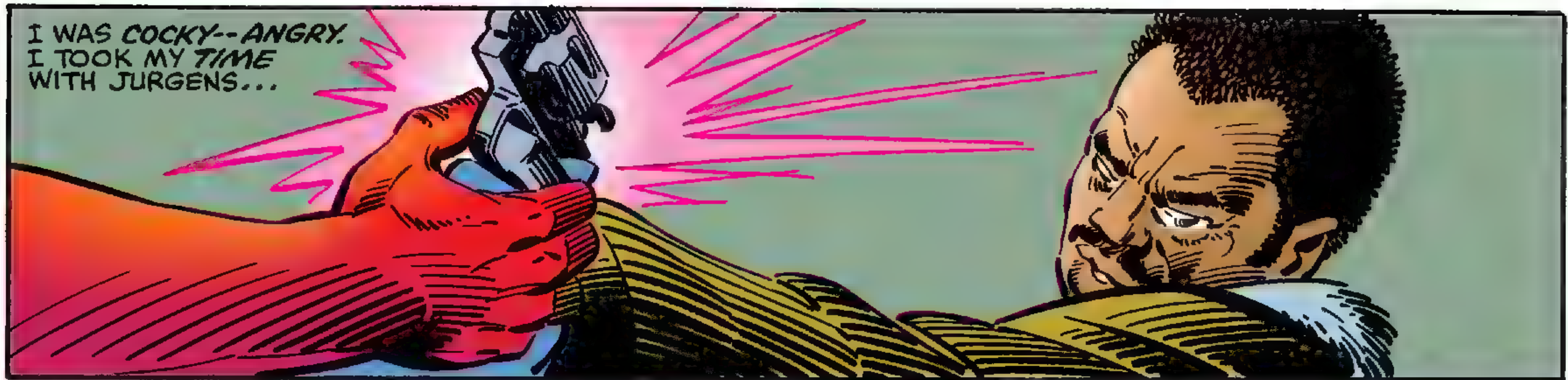
YOU--YOU GO
ON HOME, BOY.
DO WHAT YOUR
POPPA SAYS AND
GO ON HOME.



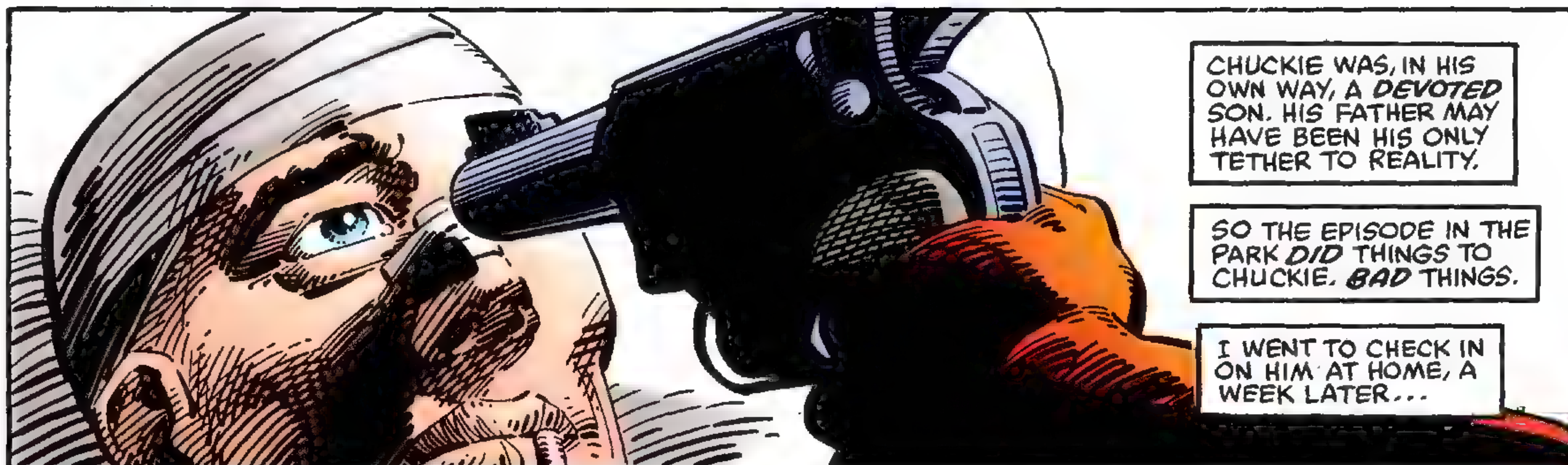
WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO,
JURGENS?

SHOOT
YOUR OWN
CHILD?

I'LL
SHOOT
YOU--



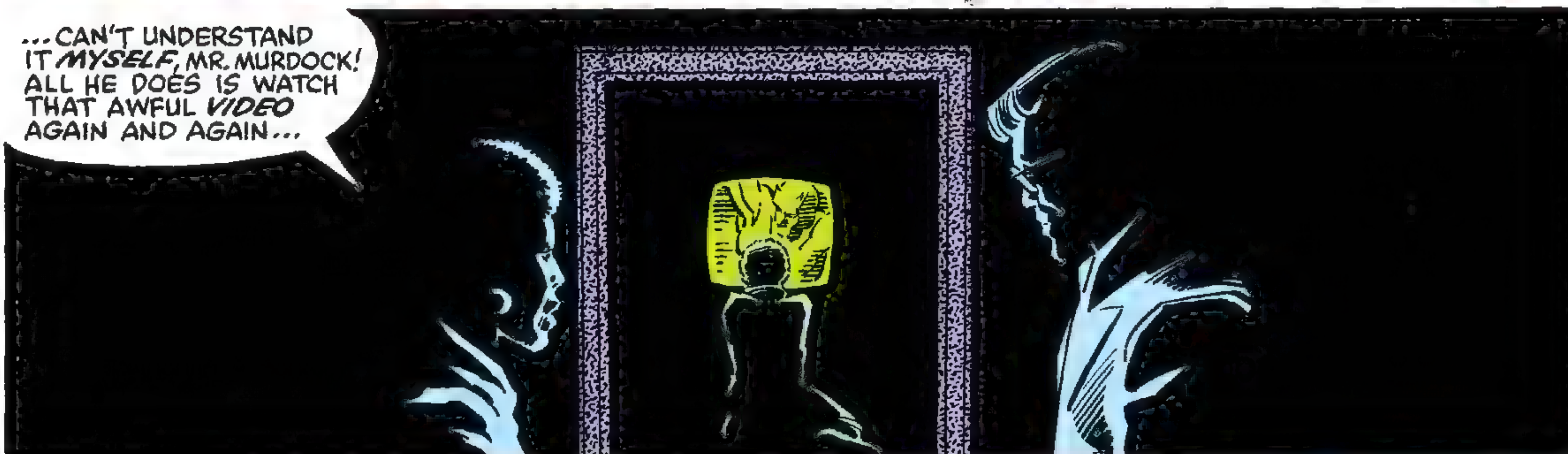
...MY THIRD
DUMB MOVE.



CHUCKIE WAS, IN HIS OWN WAY, A *DEVOTED* SON. HIS FATHER MAY HAVE BEEN HIS ONLY TETHER TO REALITY.

SO THE EPISODE IN THE PARK *DID* THINGS TO CHUCKIE. *BAD* THINGS.

I WENT TO CHECK IN ON HIM AT HOME, A WEEK LATER...



...CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT *MYSELF*, MR. MURDOCK! ALL HE DOES IS WATCH THAT AWFUL *VIDEO* AGAIN AND AGAIN...



...AND SAY SUCH *STRANGE* THINGS...

...POPPA'S *BAD*...
BAD...

...OR DAREDEVIL WOULDNA *HIT* HIM...



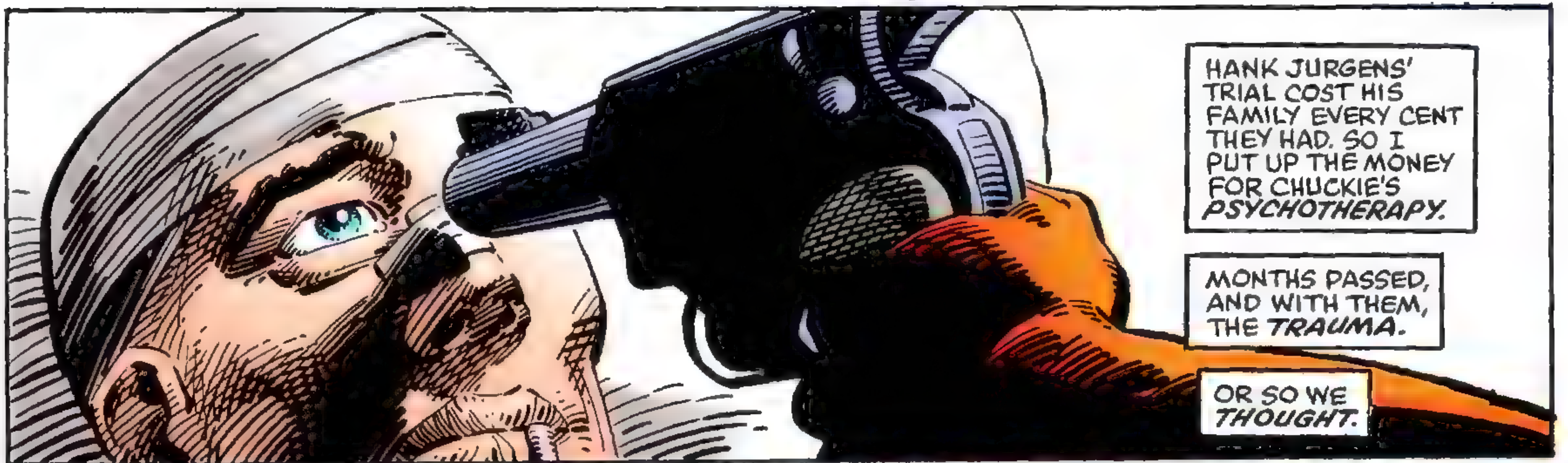
...AND IF *POPPA'S* *BAD*... SO AM I...

...SO AM I...



ON THE VIDEOTAPE --AS IN THE TV STUDIO, WHERE IT WAS FILMED, YEARS AGO--I *WON* OUR FIGHT, BULLSEYE.

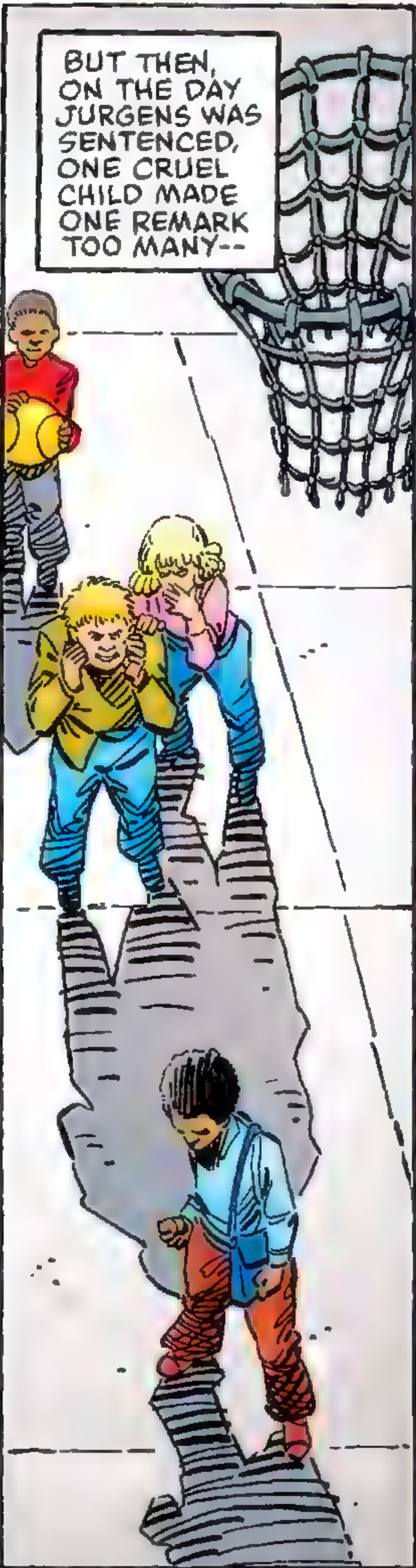
BUT IN CHUCKIE'S *MIND*--THE BATTLE RAGED ON.



HANK JURGENS' TRIAL COST HIS FAMILY EVERY CENT THEY HAD. SO I PUT UP THE MONEY FOR CHUCKIE'S PSYCHOTHERAPY.

MONTHS PASSED, AND WITH THEM, THE TRAUMA.

OR SO WE THOUGHT.



BUT THEN, ON THE DAY JURGENS WAS SENTENCED, ONE CRUEL CHILD MADE ONE REMARK TOO MANY--



--AND SOMETHING SNAPPED IN CHUCKIE'S MIND.



LORD ONLY KNOWS WHERE HE FOUND THE GUN...

...EVEN FOR CHILDREN, THEY'RE ALL TOO EASY TO COME BY.



IT WAS A 38 CALIBRE REVOLVER--

--JUST LIKE HIS POPPA'S.

WHICH RAISES THE QUESTION-- WHEN CHUCKIE PULLED THE TRIGGER, WAS HE HIS FATHER?--

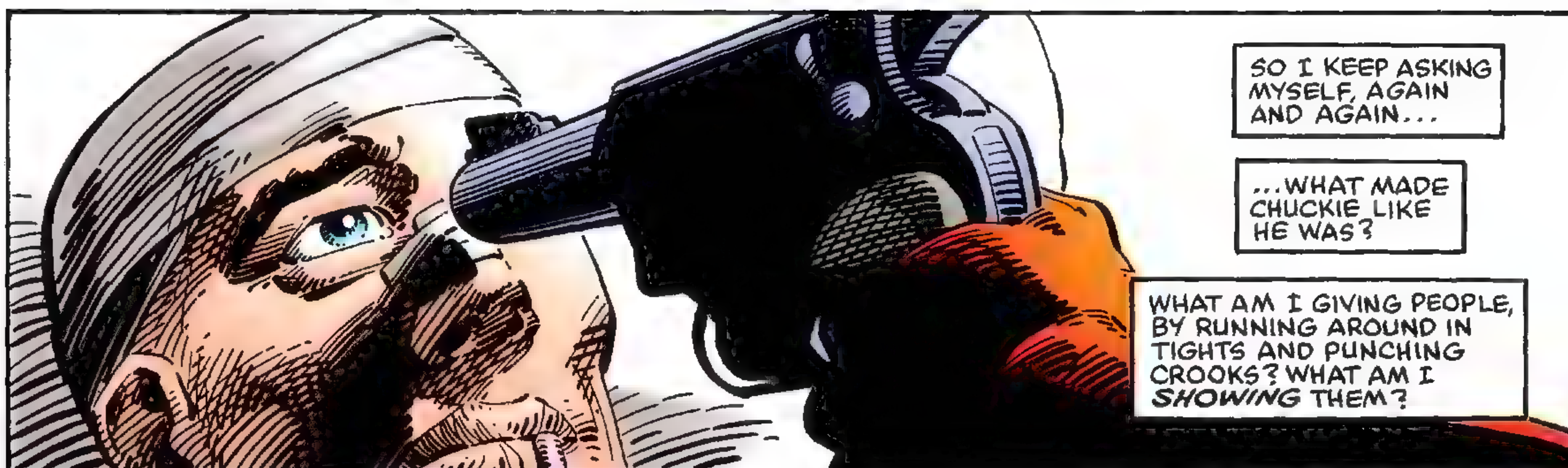
--OR WAS HE YOU, BULLSEYE?--

--OR WAS HE ME?

THE CHILD CHUCKIE SHOT SURVIVED, BY THE WAY. SO DID CHUCKIE... AFTER A FASHION.

WE WON'T REALLY KNOW HOW CHUCKIE IS UNTIL HE STARTS TALKING AGAIN...

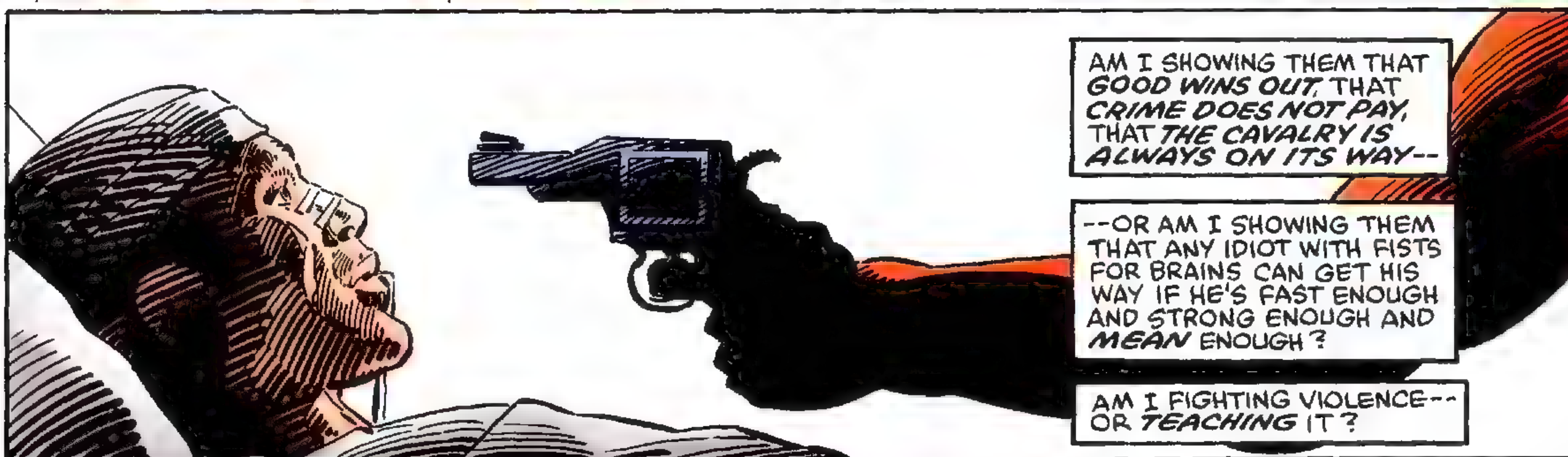




SO I KEEP ASKING MYSELF, AGAIN AND AGAIN...

...WHAT MADE CHUCKIE LIKE HE WAS?

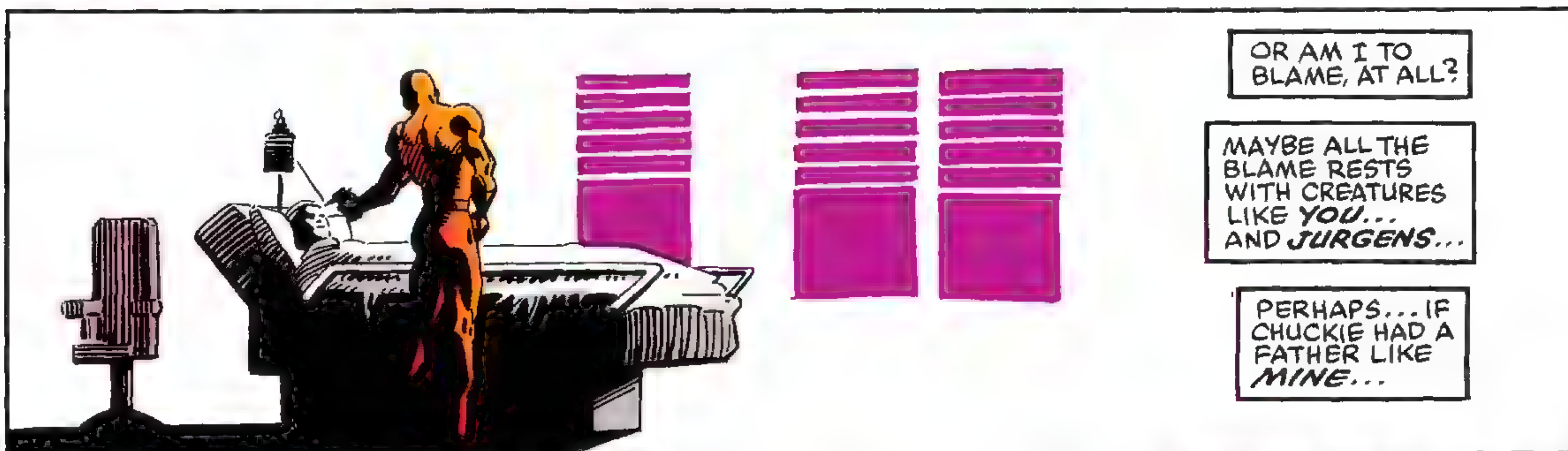
WHAT AM I GIVING PEOPLE, BY RUNNING AROUND IN TIGHTS AND PUNCHING CROOKS? WHAT AM I *SHOWING* THEM?



AM I SHOWING THEM THAT *GOOD WINS OUT*, THAT *CRIME DOES NOT PAY*, THAT *THE CAVALRY IS ALWAYS ON ITS WAY*--

--OR AM I SHOWING THEM THAT ANY IDIOT WITH FISTS FOR BRAINS CAN GET HIS WAY IF HE'S FAST ENOUGH AND STRONG ENOUGH AND *MEAN* ENOUGH?

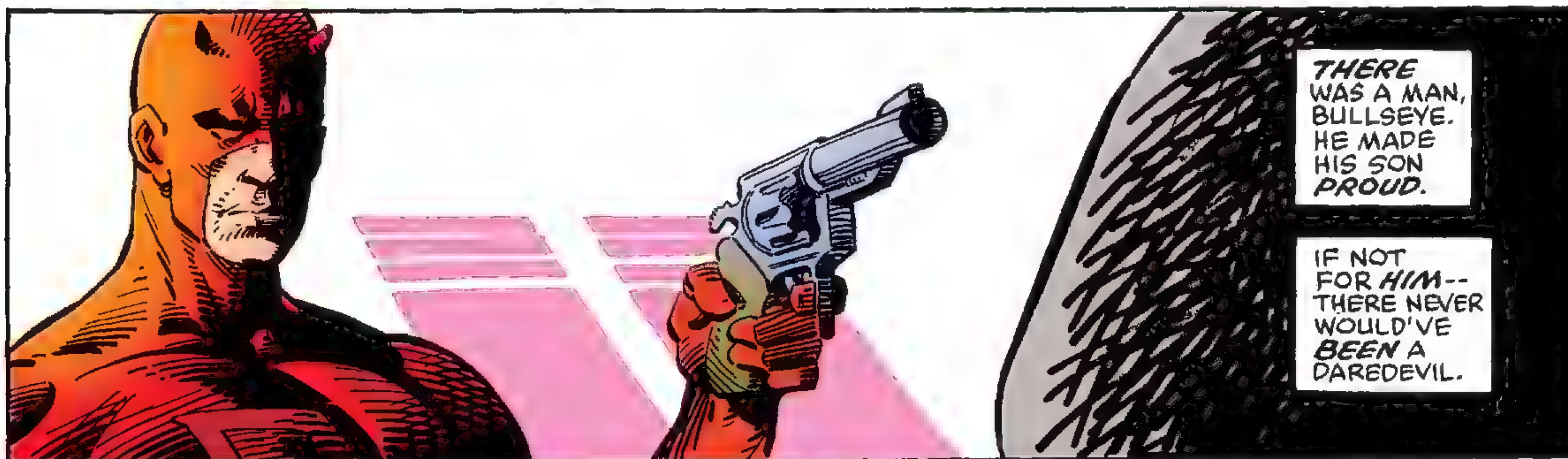
AM I FIGHTING VIOLENCE-- OR *TEACHING* IT?



OR AM I TO BLAME, AT ALL?

MAYBE ALL THE BLAME RESTS WITH CREATURES LIKE *YOU*... AND *JURGENS*...

PERHAPS... IF CHUCKIE HAD A FATHER LIKE *MINE*...



THERE WAS A MAN, BULLSEYE. HE MADE HIS SON *PROUD*.

IF NOT FOR *HIM*-- THERE NEVER WOULD'VE BEEN A DAREDEVIL.



YOU SEE, THE AMPLIFIED *SENSES*-- THOSE I *HAD*, FOR *YEARS* BEFORE I BECAME DAREDEVIL.

AND THE *FIGHTING SKILLS*, THE *ACROBATICS*-- THEY'RE JUST *TOOLS*.

BUT THE *MAN*-- HE HAD TO BE *INSPIRED*.

AS A BOXER,
BATTLIN' JACK
MURDOCK WAS
SECOND RATE.
BUT AS A
FATHER-- AND
AS A **MAN**--
HE WAS ONE
OF THE **BEST**.

AND WHEN THE
TIME CAME TO
PROVE IT-- HE
WAS **READY**.

ALL THE ODDS WERE
AGAINST HIM, THAT
FATEFUL NIGHT IN
MADISON SQUARE
GARDEN. HE HARDLY
STOOD A CHANCE--
AND HE KNEW IT.

HE FACED A
YOUNGER
FIGHTER.
A **BETTER**
FIGHTER.

AND THE **GANGSTERS**--
THOSE FAT, SWEATY, CIGAR-
SMOKING **MONSTERS** WHO'D
CATAPULTED HIM, WITH 'FIXED'
FIGHTS, TO A TITLE MATCH
WHEN HE WAS **YEARS** PAST
HIS PRIME--THEY **ABANDONED**
HIM.

THEY ORDERED HIM
TO **LOSE** THE FIGHT
--OR **ELSE**.

MAYBE IT WAS
BECAUSE HE SAW
ME OUT THERE
IN THE CROWD...
OR MAYBE IT WAS
JUST HIS **PRIDE**
... BUT **BATTLIN'**
MURDOCK FOUGHT
AND **WON** THE
GREATEST BOUT
OF HIS **CAREER**--

--THE
GREATEST--

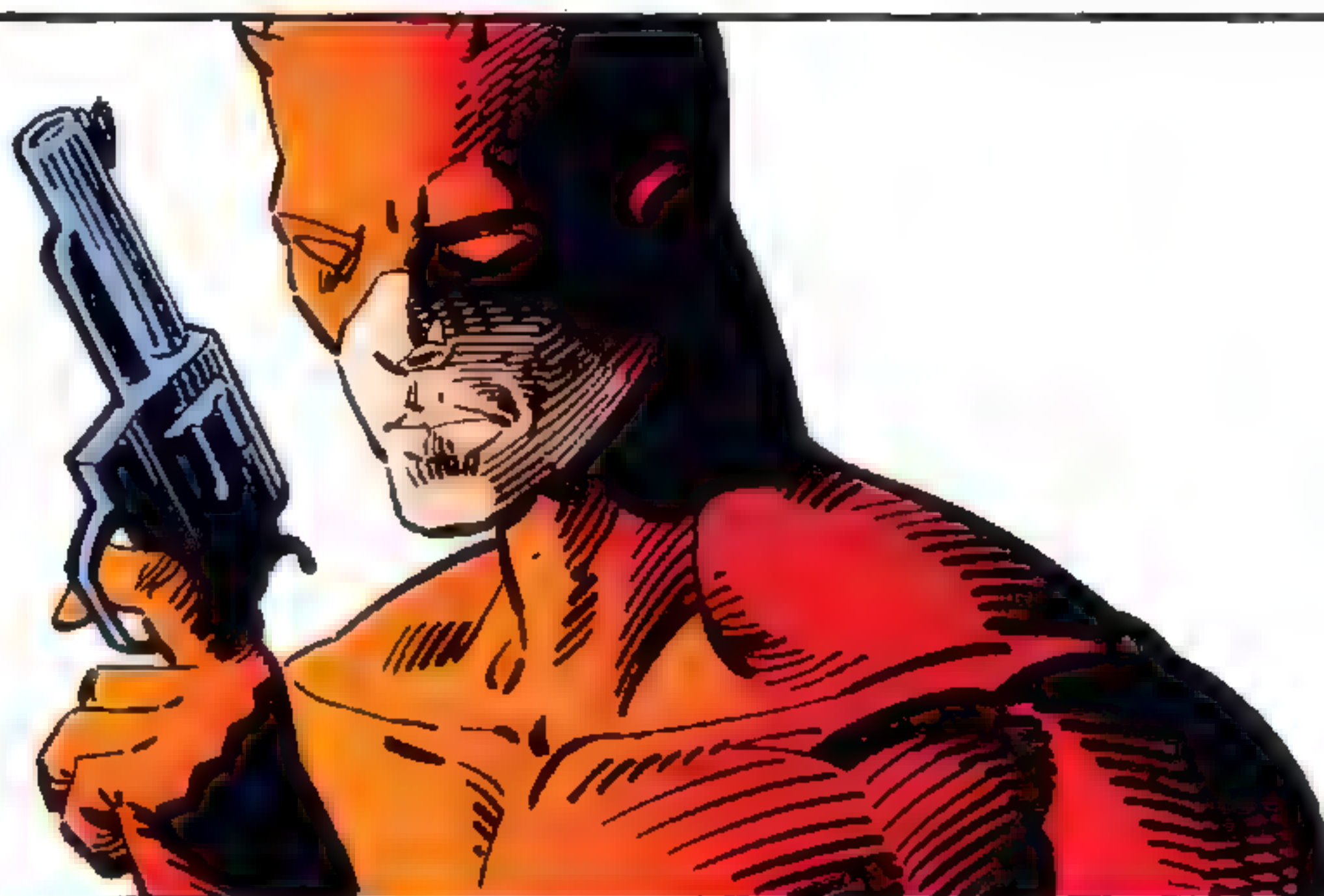
--AND THE
LAST.



HE *DIED*--AND SHOWED ME WHAT A *MAN* IS, BULLSEYE.

THAT'S WHEN I PUT ON THIS COSTUME AND BEGAN MY ONE-MAN *WAR* ON CRIME.

IN ALL THE YEARS THAT HAVE PASSED, I'VE HELD HIS IMAGE BEFORE ME... SHINING, UNTARNISHED...



...I'M A LIAR.

MY FATHER... WAS FAR FROM THE BEST. OH, HE TRIED-- VERY, VERY HARD.

BUT HE WAS FAR FROM THE BEST.



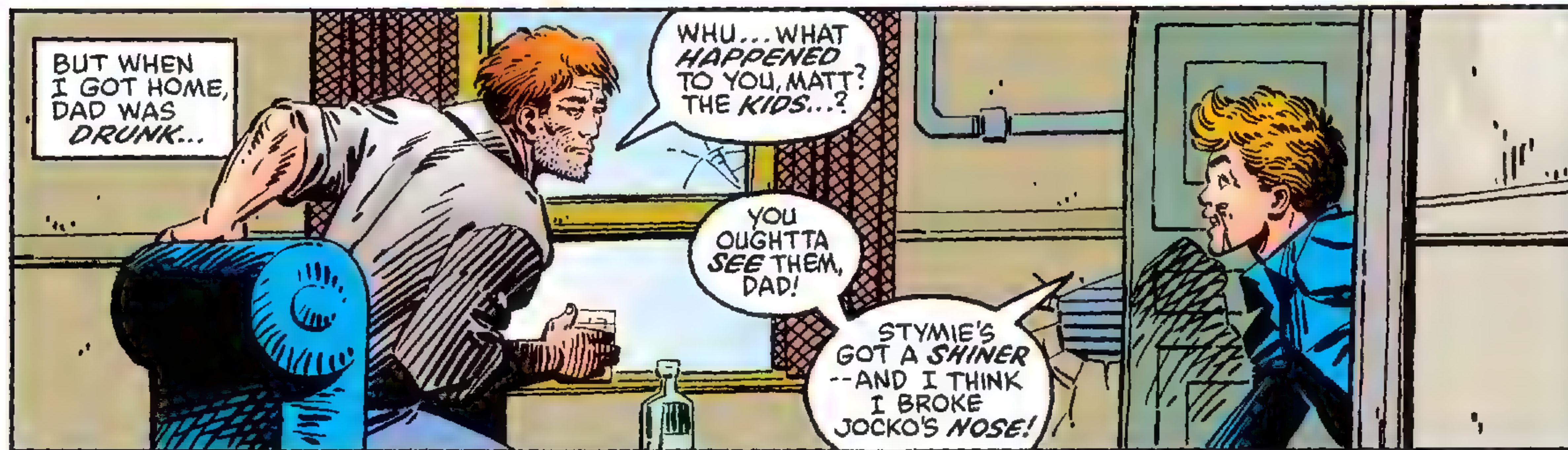
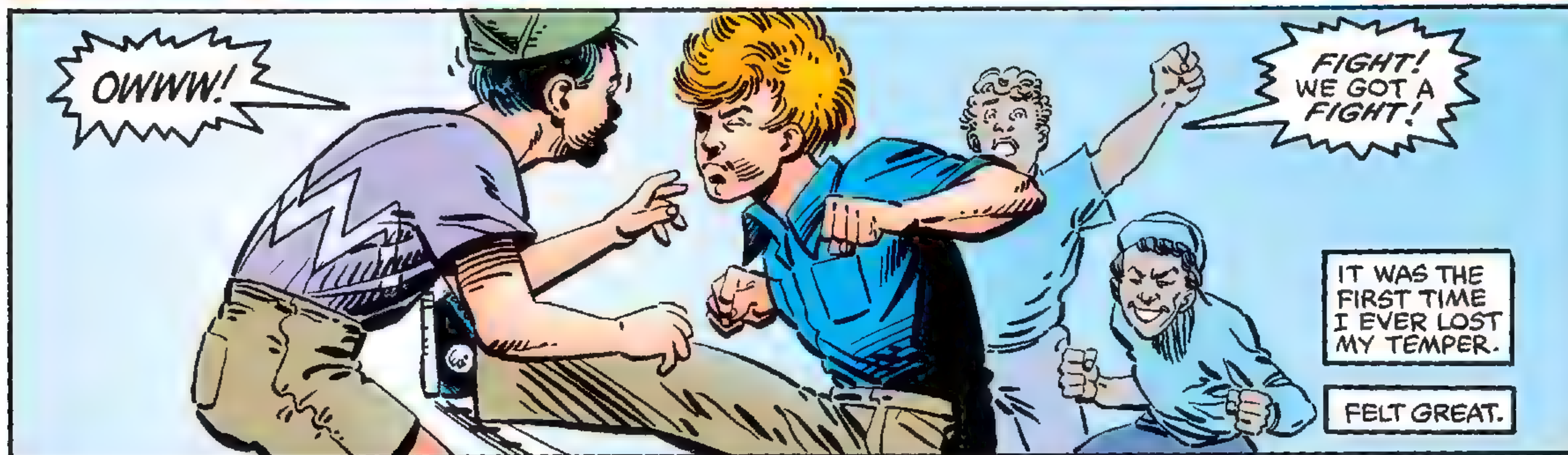
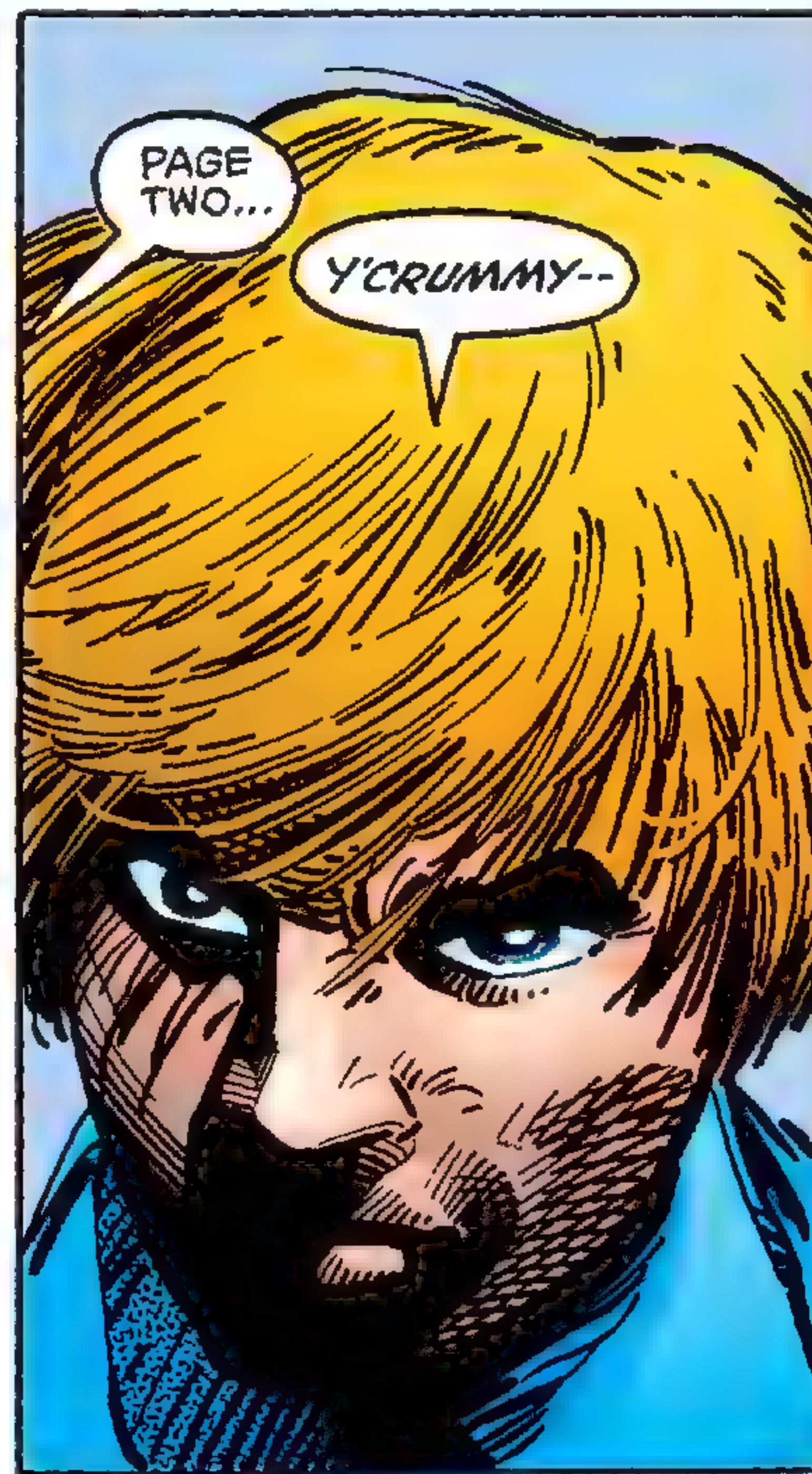
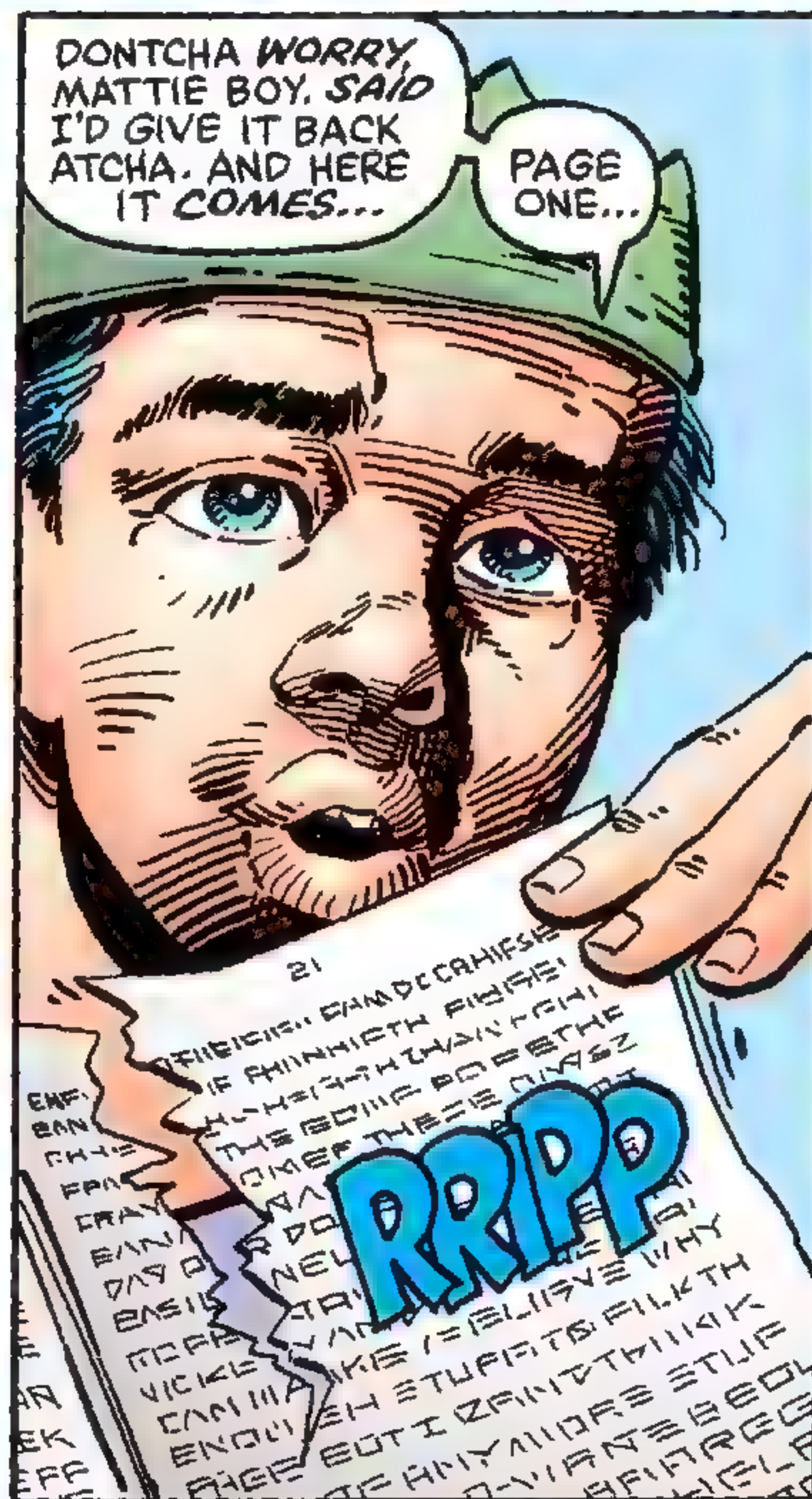
THERE'S *ANOTHER* STORY--ANOTHER PIECE OF MY LIFE, BURIED *DEEP*, KEPT FROM EVEN THOSE I'VE HELD *CLOSE*.

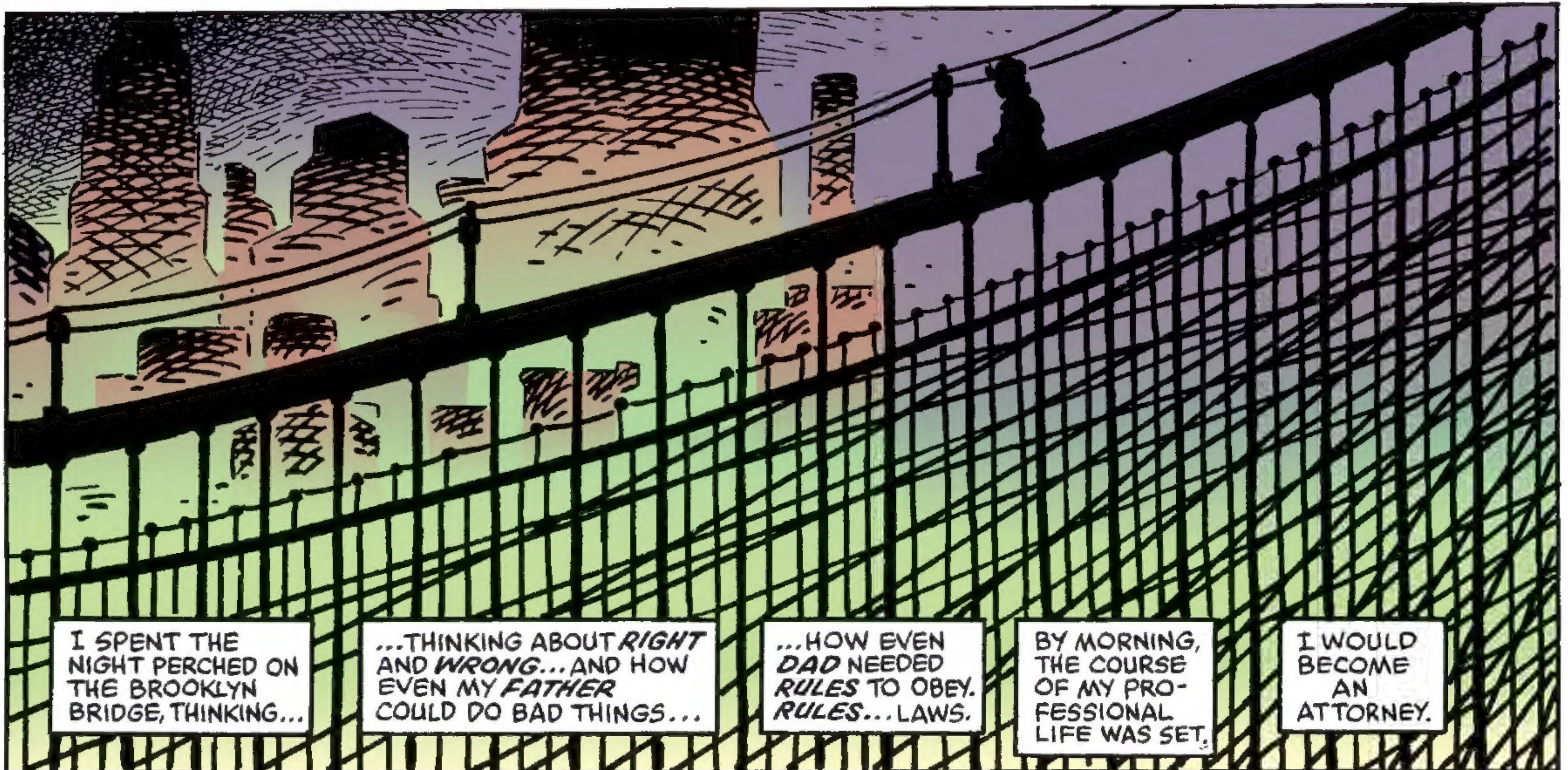
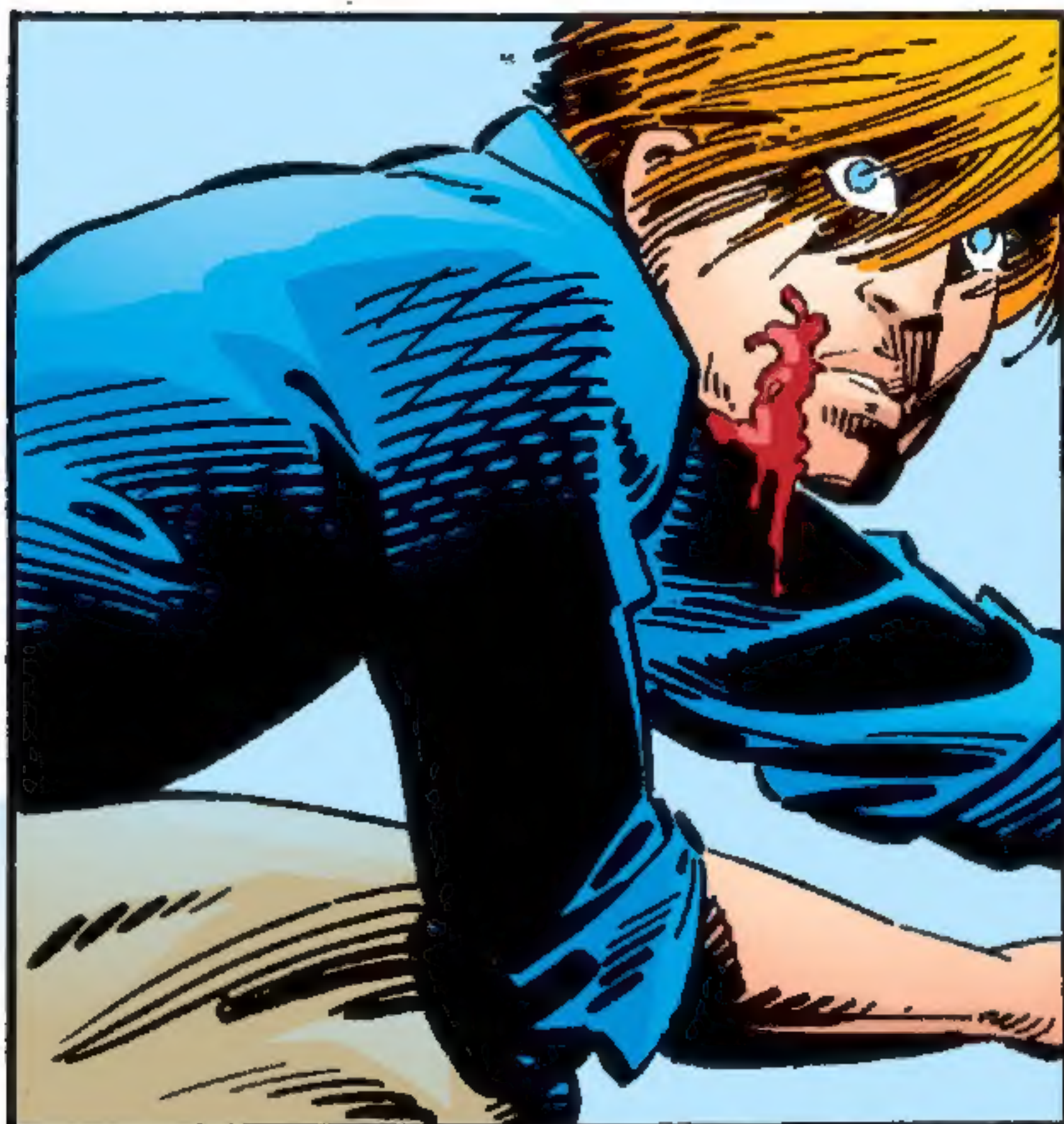
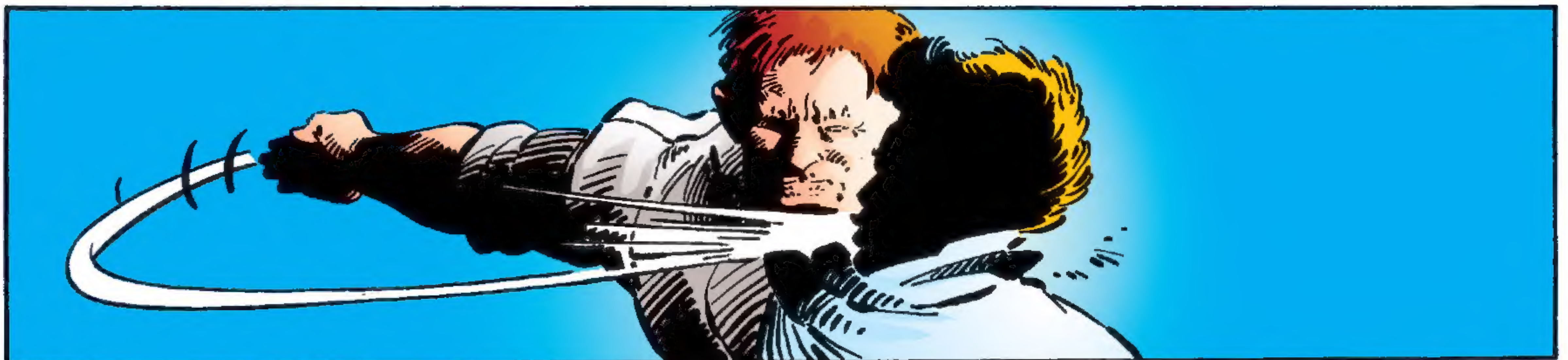
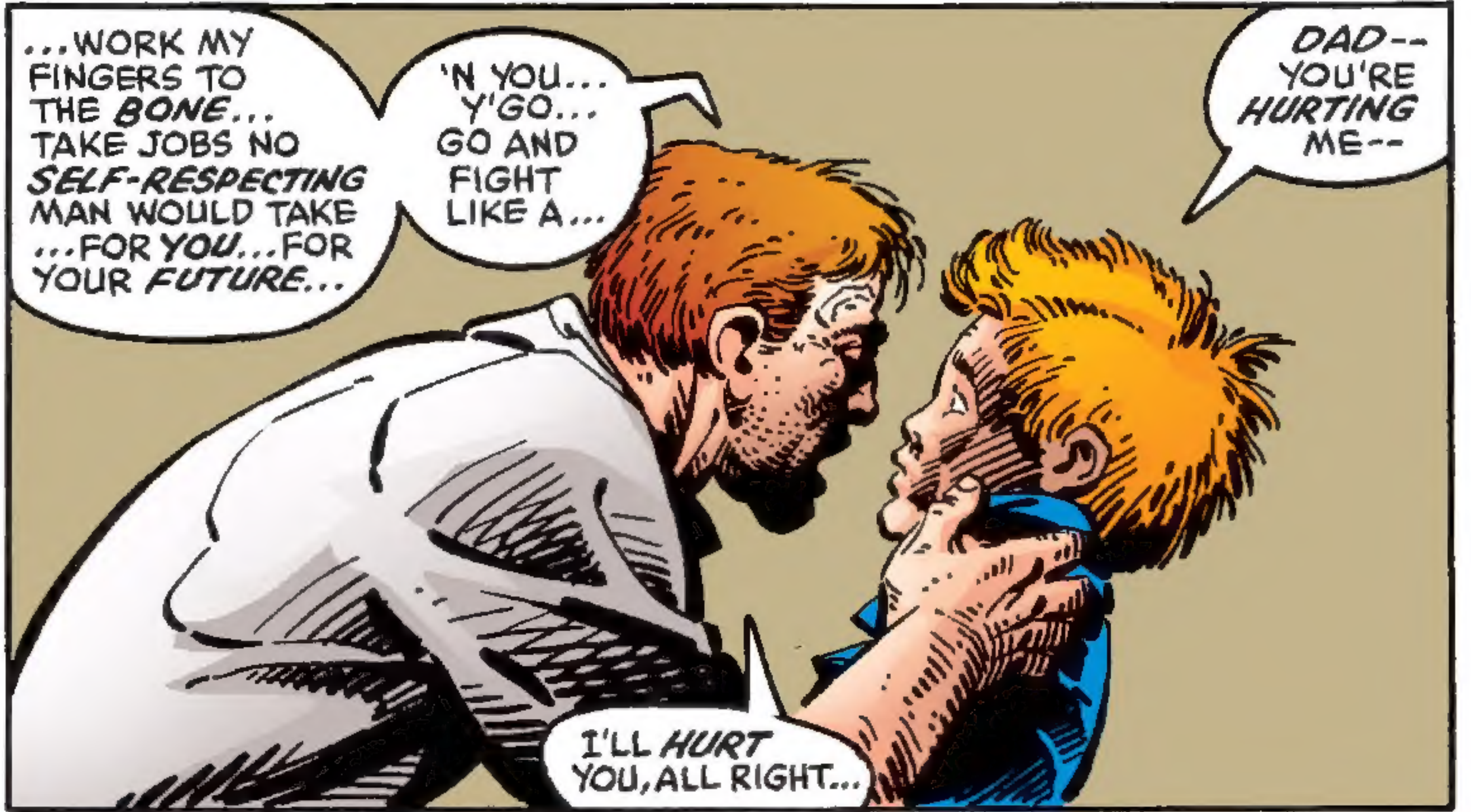
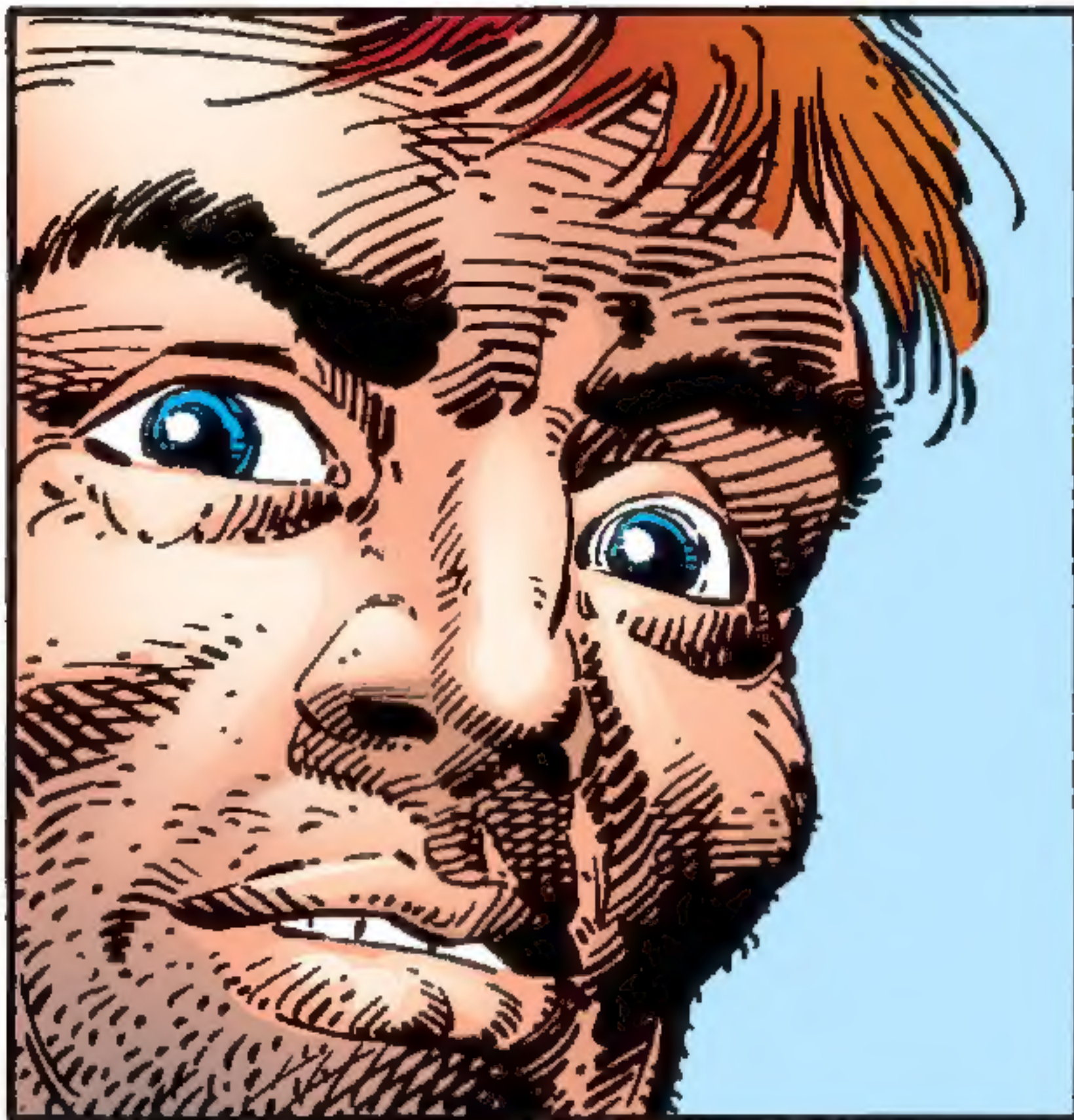
BEFORE...LONG BEFORE HE DIED...WHEN I WAS JUST A *BOY*...DAD MADE ME PROMISE TO *STUDY*--TO MAKE SOMETHING OF MYSELF, IN A *RESPECTABLE* PROFESSION.



MOSTLY, HE MADE ME PROMISE NEVER TO *FIGHT*--SO AFRAID, HE WAS, THAT I'D END UP LIKE HIM.

IT WAS *TOUGH*, KEEPING THE PROMISE. AND ONCE--JUST ONCE--I *FAILED*.





AND I GUESS
THAT'S WHAT
IT ALL COMES
DOWN TO,
BULLSEYE...

WHEN I FIGHT
YOU, AND BEAT
YOU, AND KNOW
DEEP IN MY
HEART THAT
I'M RIGHT IN
WHAT I DO...

WHEN I HATE
YOU AND YOUR
KIND SO
FIERCELY I
COULD CRY...

WHEN I CAN SEE
THAT YOU ARE
BLACK AND EVIL
AND HAVE NO
RIGHT TO LIVE...

WHEN, AT LAST,
AT LONG LAST,
I'VE GOT YOU
SET SQUARELY
IN MY SIGHTS...

AND I SMELL
YOUR FEAR...
AND IT IS
SWEET TO SMELL...

WHEN IT
COMES TO
THAT ONE
FINAL,
FATAL
ACT OF
ENDING
YOU...





KLIK

...MY GUN
HAS NO
BULLETS.

GUESS WE'RE
STUCK WITH EACH
OTHER, BULLSEYE.



